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THE TURMOIL OVER THE FRENCH DEBT

THAT THE BLOOD OF FRANCE should be balanced against the gold of America in any settlement of war accounts is the claim made in ringing words on the floor of the Chamber of Deputies by Deputy Marin, and echoed through the French Republic by her press. "France does not intend to deny her debts," insists her Premier, but all the dispatches indicate a popular feeling there that the lives of her sons should count heavily in any final reckoning. The French are not debt-dodgers, and Americans are not Shylocks, the press of both countries keep repeating, but without seeming to still the turmoil that rises higher each time the topic comes up. The latest instance is supplied by Louis Marin's impassioned five-hour speech on these debts in the French Chamber of Deputies, and William E. Borah's reply in the United States Senate—an exchange which, in the opinion of André Tardieu, former French High Commissioner to the United States, has "intensified a growing bitterness" between the French and American peoples. It would be an "iniquity," declared Deputy Marin, if France was compelled to pay to the United States the enormous sum demanded of her. This debt, with accrued interest to date, amounts to about \$4,000,000,000. The gist of Mr. Marin's argument, which was cheered to the echo by his fellow deputies and greeted with a chorus of approval by the French press, seems to be contained in these two sentences: "In a catastrophe such as the late war, the nations which had the good fortune to suffer neither invasion nor excessive loss of human life should contribute their money to the common cause. Money accounts can not be settled without taking into consideration sacrifices of human life." As quoted in a Paris dispatch to the *New York Times*, this opposition deputy and former Under-Secretary of State said further:

"While war still raged, statesmen in every country appealed in the common cause. Some gave their ships, some munitions, some the lives of their sons, some money, and to-day only those who gave money come saying to us: 'Give back what we loaned.'

"Yet during the war money was munitions. It was not more valuable than the lives given by 1,450,000 Frenchmen who died on the field and 300,000 who died of their wounds. . . .

"Justice will perish and manhood will have no more right to speak of moral idealism, if after such a coalition as we have seen and such a horror as we have endured there can not be an equitable settlement of how the cost is to be borne.

"On which side does the real debt lie? Let us speak the truth. Our Anglo-Saxon friends like that, and there are many who share our opinion. France isn't pleading her cause. She has given her signature, and she will respect it, but she demands as her right, and not as an act of grace, that there be taken into account in the settlement her side of the balance sheet. . . .

"France is not afraid of an accountancy which takes note of her dead and wounded. One in six of her mobilized men and one in twenty of her population died, and more than 4,000,000 were wounded."

Recalling that when the task of trying to reach a settlement was faced at Versailles, France was led to make many sacrifices against the promise of compact guaranties, Mr. Marin went on to say:

"But where are those compact guaranties? All that is left to us is the sacrifice we made to obtain them.

"In the Treaty of Versailles are many clauses placed there at the sole demand of the United

States. But the United States Senate refused to ratify the treaty, as was its right. But does not that refusal give France the right to other compensation?

"France is not alone among the debtor nations of the world. There are half a score of others waiting her lead and her effort to show the world that gold is not the only thing that counts.

"It will be an injustice to the whole world if those who to-day are the richest demand from those exhausted in the effort for the common victory that there can not be compensations.

"If in this world the power of gold has so much influence on the policy of nations, then farewell to justice and farewell to the power of conscience and the high influence of the great heart of humanity."

And again:

"We have heard much about a businessman's settlement of war debts. If we were forced to treat on that basis, we might ask that some credit be allowed us for 11,000,000,000 days of



FRANCE WILL PAY US

Declares Emile Daeschner, the new French Ambassador.

mobilization at 5 francs per day; we might ask what is the cash value represented by France holding 715 kilometers of trenches during 1915 while England was looking after 40 and the Belgians 18 kilometers; also what would be the price of 1,425,000 lives lost.

"The dollar has become the king of the financial world. Never has a country in the history of the world enjoyed such financial and moral power as the United States does now. They can not demand from a country bled unto death a policy of compensation. It must not come to pass that financial domination will be made the instrument of political domination. . . .

"In 1920 the Lloyd George Government was ready to cancel

services which can be appreciated only by their quality. We know what we owe the Allies. We have for them only the highest admiration and gratitude. But we know, also with sad pride, what the children of our nation accomplished."

France does not refuse to pay what she owes, declares the *Paris Temps*; "all she asks is that she be treated with no less generosity than the Allies showed to Germany, defeated and bankrupt." To quote this paper further:

"On this ground we have with us the public opinion of the entire world. As Marin said yesterday, the universal moral conscience demands that the debt problem be treated above all on a basis of compensation for the charges of war. Only in this way shall we reach a solution, because it alone represents right, justice and equity."

On January 28 Premier Herriot, addressing the Chamber on France's foreign policy, touched only briefly on the subject of the interallied debts because, he explained, the susceptibilities of certain great friends are such that words, even if expressing the most sublime and noblest sentiments, are apt to be interpreted in a manner which risks arousing, if not danger, at least embarrassment. He did, however, "declare solemnly once more, as Viviani, Poincaré and Briand have said, that France has no intention of repudiating her debts"; and he added:

"The money we received during the war saved us from death, but did not increase our economic power. This is an aspect which must be considered. Mutual good-will also is an important factor. France does not intend to deny her debts."

"I believe France should have more time for the payment of her debt," says ex-Ambassador Jules Jusserand, returning to France after twenty-two years in Washington. And his successor, Emile Daeschner, whose chief Ambassadorial duty, according to several correspondents, will be to bring France and America nearer to agreement on the question of war debts, shares this view. France will pay us, he assures the correspondents; and "it is now merely a question of how this matter is to be settled."

But in the meantime Deputy Marin's speech, we learn from the Washington dispatches, had "set off another blaze of Congressional indignation." It had also drawn from Senator Borah of Idaho,

chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, a reply which moves the *Washington Star* to say: "When official negotiations are opened, as is indicated in Paris may soon be the case, the Borah speech will furnish an excellent platform from which to expound the American position." As Senator Borah sees it, the possibility of repudiation is the real problem America faces with regard to the French debt. "I do not know," he says, "whether it is exactly just to say that we are now discussing the question of absolute repudiation, but in view of the fact that for five years there has been no offer of settlement, no payment of principal and no payment of interest; in view of the further fact that no specific proposition for settlement has ever been made, that it is apparently not intended, as the press of France and as the speakers upon behalf of those people now indicate, I assume that that theory is the real problem before us."

The United States, according to Senator Borah, is willing to accept payment from France on the terms accorded to Great Britain. These terms, altho much more drastic than those "unofficially" suggested for France a few weeks ago by her Finance Minister, Mr. Clementel, are, according to Senator Borah, so liberal as to make the settlement "the most generous known in history." The American taxpayers, he says, "are paying more each year in interest on the bonds sold to obtain



all the Allied debts owed England, but refrained merely because it was not disposed to make a precedent to which the American Government might object.

"In America all thinkers who are aware that during the war the United States acted on behalf of the universal conscience for the right, favor the cancellation of war debts."

No speech ever delivered in the present Chamber of Deputies, the correspondents report, has been received "with such universal approbation." Mr. Marin was complimented by Premier Herriot, who said that "France has the right to evoke the memory of her wounds in order to ask the good-will of men throughout the entire world to assist her now." The first response of the French press, regardless of political affiliations, seems to indicate that the deputy expressed the general feeling of the French people. "Marin had the courage to say out loud what the entire country thinks to itself," remarks the *Paris Journal des Débats*; and it adds:

"To the claims of our Allies, claims exact, according to the rules of arithmetic, he posed the reality of the sacrifices made by France. Against the services rendered by the loans, necessary and useful, he set the services rendered by those who served in the Army and whose death gave the Allies time to prepare for the victory.

"This can not be calculated in definite amounts. There are

money to lend to Britain than will be received under the funding settlement." Turning again to the case of France, he says:

"The fact is that we are face to face with the proposition as to whether we propose to urge the payment of any part of this debt, and France is face to face with the proposition of whether she proposes to pay any part of this debt, and no one can read the French press, or the debate which took place yesterday in the Chamber of Deputies, without concluding that that is now the issue; that no part of it is to be settled, that no part of it is to be paid.

"Of course that great people can take that position and repudiate their obligation in that way, but if they choose to do so the truth of history ought to carry the actual facts in regard to the debt and the conditions and circumstances surrounding the settlement.

"Now turn to French territory acquired as a result of the war. France acquired, as a result of the war, total territory of 402,392 square miles, inhabited by about 4,000,000 people. That only indicates very partially the value of the acquisition. Portions of it are tremendously rich in oil and other natural resources. . . .

"France received, by virtue of the Versailles Treaty, the coal-beds of the Saar Valley. The value of those coal-beds has been estimated all the way from \$150,000,000 to \$500,000,000. I do not suppose there is any way by which an accurate estimate can be made of their real value. That they are of incalculable value, there can be no doubt.

"France also received back Alsace-Lorraine. She got it as a result of the war. The richness of that piece of territory almost beggars description. It is one of the richest regions of the earth in natural resources.

"In addition to that, according to the American Institute of Economics, Germany has already paid in cash and kind \$6,500,000,000, the proportion belonging to France going to France.

"As I said a moment ago, in this vast wealth, in these great acquisitions, the American people did not share, and do not desire to share; but if you put the wealth of these acquisitions upon one side, and the debt which the French owe to the people of the United States on the other, you will find that France has been tremendously advantaged, after all sacrifices referred to by the speaker yesterday have been calculated."

"In the main American opinion is back of Senator Borah," thinks the *Paris Quotidien*, an organ of the French Government. But it adds: "In this affair time is working for France. We must keep up propaganda in America and must help America understand our views." "The language of Senator Borah is blatant injustice," declares the *Paris Temps*; and the *Echo de Paris* re-



gards the resultant situation as something very nearly resembling a deadlock. France's attitude is further explained by André Tardieu in a Consolidated Press Association dispatch from Paris:

"On account of various acts—principally American—the refusal to ratify the Versailles Treaty, the conclusion of a separate peace with Germany, and the claim, notwithstanding, of a part of the German payments, etc., . . . France will certainly not receive the amount of her pensions, even if the Dawes plan is executed, which is not sure, and not more than half of her material damages. Moreover, the Anglo-Saxon countries' brusque termination of the exchange agreements of 1919 automatically increases France's foreign debt about 300 per cent.

"Therefore, the war debts should undergo the same adjustments as the German debt—this is mere justice and equity. But neither the French nor the American orators seem to take this into account.

"For six years the two Governments have shown themselves to be incapable of discussing the problem calmly and sensibly. Never once has the French Government gone to Washington and said: 'Here is what I offer.' Never has the American Government come to Paris, saying: 'This is what I ask.'"

Of especial interest from the French side of the case are the remarks of Mr. Firmin Guego, editor of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, the representative organ of Franco-American opinion in this country. According to press dispatches, he says, it would seem that Senator Borah thinks that the French deputy, Louis Marin, is asking for an annulment of the war debt, and that the French Government contemplates repudiation of its debt to the United States. We read then:

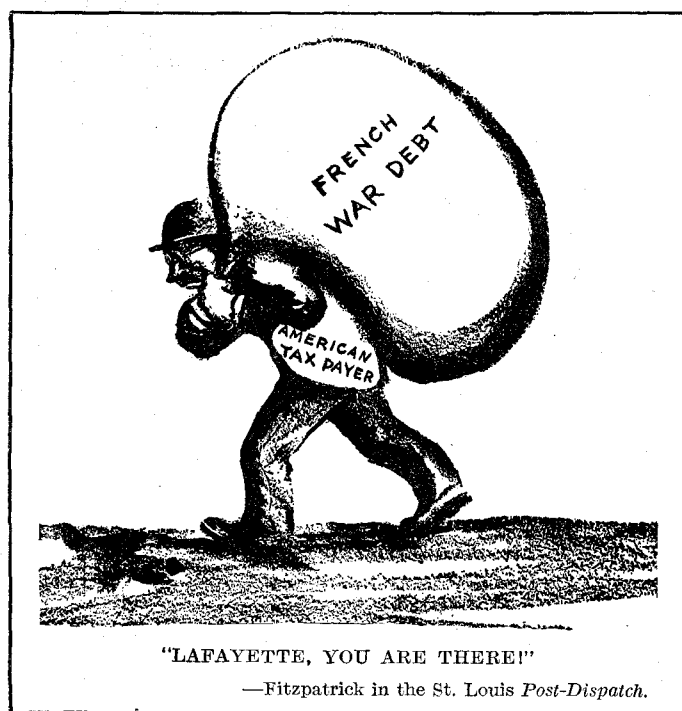
"It seems to us that Mr. Borah has completely misunderstood the speech which he has attempted to refute. Of course, in the past, there was a theory in France based on the principle of annulment, but it has been completely changed by the attitude taken by the creditors of France. As a matter of fact three solutions might have been considered: either a mutual remission of the war debts, which the creditors of France did not desire; or the balancing of credits that are equal and self-cancelling, and it is on this solution that French opinion finally settled; or payment in full, which could only be made after endless controversy and would leave irreparable bitterness behind it.

"The second solution to which French opinion is drawn today is based on divers considerations, of which the following are the principal:

"First of all, in the general accounting of France there must be a distinction made between the debts she contracted solely for the purpose of insuring the common victory and between the debts that are purely commercial. But even among the commercial debts there are many that need to be reconsidered. It is befitting that the bills presented to France should be examined in order to see whether they do not reveal exorbitant profits, and whether the unfortunate position of France was not taken advantage of."

Mr. Guego goes on to say:

"Senator Borah does not seem to realize that altho to France has been allotted the basin of the Saar, it is only on a precarious



"LAFAYETTE, YOU ARE THERE!"

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

title, for this region goes back to Germany in case the plebiscite of 1935 so decides. Also he forgets that the water-power wealth of the Saar was given provisionally to France to compensate for the deficit of coal-production caused by the destruction of the mines of the North and of the Pas-de-Calais. So France was not enriched by receiving the Saar under this double title. Nor was France gaining anything in recovering Alsace-Lorraine, because this territory belonged to her and she only got back what had been taken away from her fifty years before. Perhaps even Senator Borah will admit that when his brief-case is brought back to him after it had been lost, he becomes no richer by that fact.

"Moreover, we have the distinct impression that in this discussion Senator Borah is somewhat of a special pleader, because

Senator Borah for the dignity and promptness of his reply. He has "dissipated from every receptive mind any remaining notion that the United States is a grasping or ungenerous creditor," remarks the *New York Sun*, which goes on to say:

"Senator Borah's remarks were not directed at the French case alone. There are still in England some politicians who believe, or profess to believe, that the settlement agreed upon between America and Britain was not favorable to the debtor nation. Because of their attitude, and because the settlement with Britain must be regarded as the standard to which this Government will adhere in future settlements of other war loans, Senator Borah reviewed the British case.

"The American Government borrowed billions of dollars at 4½ per cent. interest and loaned it to its European war associates at their request and on their terms. By the settlement with Great Britain the United States agreed to accept a lower rate of interest from its debtor than it is paying on its own debt. On the British item the American taxpayer pays in interest every year \$34,000,000 more than the British taxpayer pays on the same item. By the time the British debt is canceled it will have cost the British taxpayer \$11,105,964,000; but it will have cost the American taxpayer \$12,772,666,000. The American taxpayer therefore will pay net, in this particular settlement, during the next sixty years, one and three-quarter billions of dollars. . . .

"In contrast with the benefits enjoyed by France and England is the refusal of the United States to take anything out of the war settlement, altho during the conflict America spent freely of lives and devoted forty billion dollars to the cause. Now America asks only the return, on terms liberal to the debtor, of the money which this Government raised and on which its taxpayers pay, and will for years continue to pay, heavy interest."

France's attitude toward her war debt to us "imperils her credit," declares Mr. Hearst's *New York American*, in which we read further:

"From reading French statements on the debt, a man who had forgotten the war would imagine that America was trying to collect from France all that the war cost this country. What America really aims to collect is merely the actual cash that was assembled from the American taxpayers and was delivered over to the French Government.

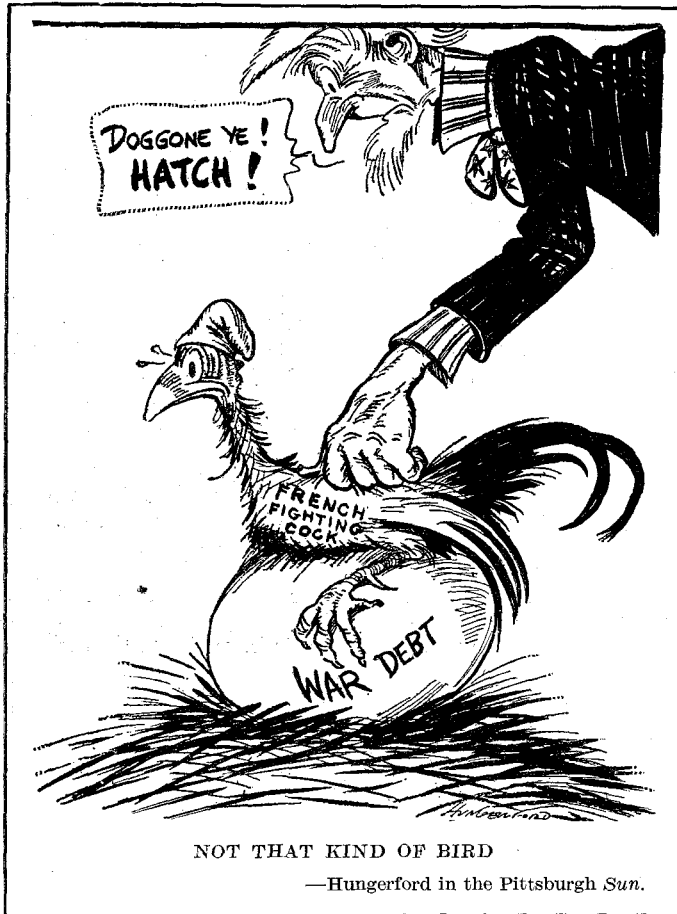
"What America spent in the war, fighting side by side with France—her war debt of at least \$25,000,000,000, her present burden of taxation, her load of bonds to be carried over to the coming generation—all these losses incurred by her in giving military aid to France are omitted from the account. The American people pay them and say nothing. What they call for and what the French are trying to repudiate is simply the payment of a clear-cut and undisputed loan of American money. The truth is stated again. Let it sink in! . . .

"Finally, and perhaps worst of all, France is using the money she owes America to maintain an enormous military establishment which threatens the peace of Europe; to subsidize with enormous loans the armies of her Central European allies; to extend her empire over colonies more vast than any to which this country ever has aspired, and to realize those dreams of national glory and national power which she has cherished ever since Louis the Fourteenth fought all Europe and Napoleon spread his conquering legions across the Continent and up to the gates of Russia.

"Such preparations, alliances, policies and ambitions can have only one tendency—the tendency that the American people detest and that the American Government denounces. That is the tendency to precipitate a great war.

"Does it lie in justice, or honor, or any high moral sentiment that America's four billions should be withheld from her by France in order that the money may be used for this purpose?"

"There has been a lot of hokum in the talk about the duty of America to cancel the war debts," remarks the *Kansas City Star*, which feels that "the American attitude is more than fair; it is generous." "The United States is only asking that its people's money be returned on terms that would not be too difficult for France," avers the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. "Instead of barking back and forth across the ocean, we would better be meeting in friendly conference and trying to arrive at an unbiased agreement of what is reasonable and fair for all concerned," maintains the *Newark News*.



in considering the German reparations payments he merely says that according to the Washington American Institute of Economics, Germany has paid in money and in kind six milliards and a half dollars, of which France has received her share. People not well informed on the subject will evidently calculate that France has collected great reparations amounts because of the 52 per cent. regulation as her share according to the protocol of Spa.

"The truth is that out of the approximate five and a half milliards of gold marks distributed among the Allies by the Reparations Commission, France received, for the reconstruction of her devastated regions, the extremely moderate sum of 241,911,000 gold marks. Perhaps she was able with this to pay 120 milliards of francs for the reconstruction of her devastated regions, and also perhaps, out of this sum she can pay the four milliards of dollars she owes America.

"France asks that an examination be made of her indebtedness, as was done in the case of Germany. We do not believe this is exacting too much. If, thanks to his speech in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Louis Marin attracts the attention of Americans to the French case in the matter of the debts, and he succeeds in making it understood that this question can not be justly solved merely by a command to pay, he will have rendered a great service to France as well as to all her former allies and associates."

Mr. Borah and Mr. Marin can not accomplish anything by "arguing across 3,000 miles of ocean," remarks the *New York World*, which thinks that a practical solution of the problem might be found "by a Dawes committee working in an atmosphere of calm." Nevertheless, thinks the *Boston Transcript*, the people of the United States are under obligation to

THE PRODIGAL POUND RETURNING TO PAR

"THE POUND IS KNOCKING at the door of parity," exclaims a jubilant English editor, while the papers in this country, tho without the same reasons for rejoicing, are no less aware of the significance of the close approach of the pound sterling to its old pre-war normal exchange value of \$4.87. Perhaps our papers are less impressed by the fact that sterling exchange reached \$4.80 (the highest point since 1915), several times last month, than by the fact that our own Post-office Department has officially restored sterling to par for the purposes of international money-order transactions. This action, remarks the *New York Evening Post*, "is slightly anticipatory, but undoubtedly is justified by the exchange situation; while the amounts of money exchanged through international money-orders are inconsiderable, compared with the vast transfers through other channels, announcement of parity for the pound by the Post-office Department is the harbinger of an epochal financial event." The *Wichita Eagle* calls it "the outstanding financial fact of the decade," and the *Boston Globe* even goes so far as to say that the only parallel to it is "the resumption of specie payments by the banks of the United States on January 1, 1879." While "only small conversions of American into English money commonly use the agency of the Post-office, and while the Post-office charges several cents more for a pound sterling than it costs at the regular market, the postal business will be more than ever confined to small transactions." But, continues the *New York World*, the action of our Post-office is highly significant in that "it seems to indicate that the Government at Washington is responsive to recent British efforts to bring about an accord between the financial powers of the two countries in the matter of restoring British currency to parity with gold." The big thing, as the *San Francisco Bulletin* sees it, "is the official proclamation of the fact that exchange with Great Britain is now practically at par, and that fact is manifestly a direct result of the rehabilitation of British credit, due to recognition of and payment on the debt to this country. It pays to pay your debts." And the *Chicago Daily News* similarly observes:

"Almost immediately after the Armistice the British set to work with a will to repair the damage that had been done to them by the war, submitting to terrific rates of taxation in order that the Government might carry on its enormous tasks. Few Britons, either officials or private citizens, suggested repudiation of their national war debt to the United States. Indeed, Great Britain is the only one of the major Allies that has arranged to pay its war debts, and has actually made payments of both interest and principal. That circumstance advertised what the world already knew—that the British idea of the way to be free of a debt is to pay it.

"Officials of other European countries who frequently attribute to alleged foreign conspiracies the fact that their national currencies are still at ruinous discounts would do well to study the methods by which the British have restored the pound sterling virtually to par."

At a fraction over \$4.80 the pound is about six cents from par or at a discount of about 1.3 per cent. This is the highest point for the pound since March 26, 1915, it is noted in our press, and well above the "pegged" rate (\$4.76½) at which the pound was artificially held from the fall of 1915 to March 20, 1919. On February 4, 1920, as *The Wall Street News* recalls, "the English currency sold at \$3.18, or the absolute low level for all time; since then the pound has gradually moved back to its pre-war level." Most of this rise has been accomplished under discouraging conditions, we read in the *New York Times*; "England was sending gold to America for payment on its war debt, and even heavier shipments of gold or equivalent were made necessary to take care of import requirements."

The actual rise of sterling to par—\$4.87—in exchange transactions, may come any time in the next few days, weeks or months, British and American authorities agreeing that the

accomplishment is near at hand, but that its exact date is dependent upon various financial, economic and political conditions.

Some of the factors that have contributed to the advance of sterling in recent months are, according to *The Wall Street News*, the fact of higher interest rates in London than in New York, "the withdrawal of the proceeds of the large dollar loans made to European Governments and private industrial corporations, the launching of the Dawes plan calling back German dollar deposits, and from a psychological point of view, the return of the Conservative Government to power with a complete majority that stimulated confidence in British finance." Speaking of the psychological factors strengthening sterling, the Alexander Hamilton Institute in its *Business Conditions Weekly* directs attention to the optimism called forth by "the satisfactory



progress made toward stabilization in Europe, the election of conservative governments in the United States and the United Kingdom, the restoration of minor currencies to parity." Two important influences noted by this same authority are the comparatively low money rates in New York, "money has gone hunting to some extent in other fields in search of more profitable employment, and one field in which it commands a better return than that available here is London"; and the fact that prices have been advancing in this country more rapidly than in England, so that the purchasing value of the dollar has decreased as compared with that of the pound.

While "the cheapening of the dollar can scarcely be gratifying to Americans," the *New York Evening Post* argues that the upward rise of sterling toward dollar parity should be "regarded with equanimity and satisfaction by Americans." The important thing "is the fact that dollar parity for the pound means a return of Great Britain to the gold basis," and—

"Without the gold basis there can be no certainty in long-time business dealings. Trade must be hand-to-mouth and the risk of depreciation of currencies must be provided for in prices. With world currencies on a gold basis this uncertainty and this risk are automatically eliminated. Long-time engagements are safe and prices can be cut to the economic bone. Trade and industry will be stimulated. Great Britain's return to the gold basis will force other trading nations to take a similar course, bringing a world-wide revival. In this revival America will have a share, and a major one. This is why Americans welcome the triumph of the British pound, even tho it means a temporary cheapening of the dollar."

WHY THE CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT FAILED

THE EVILS OF CHILD LABOR must be eliminated, if at all, by the States themselves, rather than by an amendment to the Constitution, is the conclusion reached by the *Boston Herald* following the announcement on January 27 that more than one-fourth of the forty-eight States have refused to ratify the Twentieth, or Child Labor, Amendment. "The expansion of centralized bureaucracy," in the opinion of this New England paper, "has gone far enough." Thus we have one reason for the failure of this amendment, which would give Congress the power to "limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age." And it is in this phraseology that we find still another reason for the early defeat of the amendment: the age-limit was placed too high to suit the canning, manufacturing, and farming interests. As the American Farm Bureau Federation wires us: "We had reason to believe that the amendment was aimed primarily at children on the farm, and we did not propose, and do not propose in the future, to see Congress set itself up as a self-imposed stepmother in the farm homes of the United States."

As this statement would indicate, the proposed Twentieth Amendment is "down, but not out," to use the Salvation Army phrase. That is, while a State legislature may not reconsider ratification, a vote of rejection is no bar to reconsideration and subsequent adoption. So far, only the State legislatures of Arkansas and California have adopted resolutions ratifying the Child Labor Amendment, while these States, through action by one or both bodies of their legislatures, have refused to ratify the amendment: Georgia, Kansas, Louisiana, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, and Washington. The legislature of Wyoming postponed action indefinitely. Massachusetts in a referendum vote last November defeated the proposal by a large majority.

In the opinion of the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*:

"Various reasons entered into the opposition to the amendment. One of the chief of these was that the amendment was an unwarranted interference with the rights of the States. The manner in which the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted by legislative votes caused much sentiment against the Child Labor Amendment, it being held that amendments should be submitted to a vote of the electorate in each State, and not to legislative bodies."

The result was expected by the *St. Louis Star*, which says:

"The virtual rejection of this amendment demonstrates a reaction of the American people against two currents that have been marked in latter-day legislation. One of these is the mistake of transferring the police powers of the States to the Government, and providing for law enforcement through Federal bureaus. The other is the tendency to devise all sorts of radical legislation as the remedy for social evils.

The rejection of this amendment is in a measure an acknowledgment by the States that the Federal Prohibition Amendment has been a blunder, and the outcome is distinctly bound

up with that common conclusion. The development marks a return of American opinion to sanity."

Or, as the *New Haven Journal-Courier* puts it:

"The State legislatures did what no amount of abstract argument could do in directing attention to the vast power which the amendment would confer upon bureaucratic Government and the encouragement it would give to centralized control of the States. The more the amendment was considered, the more alarmed the people of the country became. The welfare, as assumed, of the children was set aside for the welfare of the republic. The result ought to put an end to the madness of the too common view that in the Congress resides the power by constitutional tinkering to accomplish what it is the supreme duty of the State to accomplish."

"We stand for all sound measures for the protection of American childhood," declares the *Boston Herald*. But, it continues:

"The States must be allowed to retain some of the powers which are supposed to be 'reserved' to them. In a country of the continental dimensions of the United States, the tendency to run to Washington for deliverance from every evil should be discouraged. Let the Federal Government be delivered from further extensions of administrative functions in matters which under our Federal system should be kept within the field of the governments of the States. Furthermore, we oppose the submission of any constitutional amendment which does not carry a time-limit for ratification or rejection."

"The amendment has been rejected, and this should end the matter," observes the *Springfield Union*, "but it doesn't." As this New England paper explains:

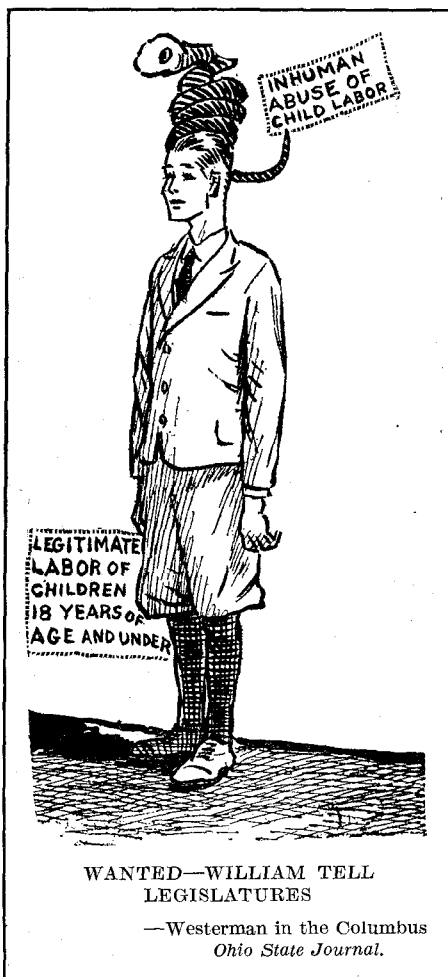
"There is no finality about a rejection. Proponents of the amendment can keep on trying until they have won the rejecting States over to their side. When three-fourths of the States have ratified or one-fourth of the States have rejected, no State should be permitted to change its vote.

"The interference of the Child Labor Amendment with the domestic affairs of the States, its sweeping grant of power to Congress, its alarming possibilities in the extension of bureaucracy, its invasion of parental authority, and its Socialistic character make the rejection of the amendment easy to understand. After their experience with the Eighteenth Amendment, the people have little relish for further experiments with constitutional prohibitions."

"The defeat of this wet-nurse amendment is primarily a defeat of the Federal bureaucracy which forced the measure through Congress, voting for such an extension of the Federal power for the real purpose of providing additional authority, new jobs, and new salaries," believes the *Chicago Journal of Commerce*. "This amendment would confer on Congress powers which Congress should not possess," thinks the neighboring *Daily News*, which adds:

"The apologists for the amendment have asserted that Congress would never, in any conceivable circumstances, use some of the powers thus to be bestowed, but they have not shown why powers that admittedly ought not to be used should be granted."

The *New York Times*, however, hastens to explain that the defeat of the proposed amendment "does not indicate that national sentiment favors the exploitation of children in industry." In this paper's belief:



"There is a wide-spread weariness of legislation by constitutional amendment and of 'experimentation' in general. That state of mind was clearly reflected in the advisory referendum on the amendment in Massachusetts last November. It was defeated by a vote of nearly three to one. Yet Massachusetts has been in the van of progressive social legislation. If that State nevertheless voted no, it must have been in the conviction that child labor did not present a problem impossible of solution in the States.

"Hostility to the amendment was pronounced in the agricultural sections all over the country. It may not be a fact of general knowledge that of the 1,061,000 children under the age of 15 recorded by the 1920 census as gainfully employed, nearly two-thirds were in agricultural occupations.

"Enlightenment and self-interest within the States argue against withstanding the unmistakable drift of events. In 1910 the number of boys under 16 gainfully employed was 24.8 per cent. of all boys of that age in the country. By 1920 this had been cut down to 11.3 per cent. For girls the reduction has been from 11.9 per cent. to 5.6 per cent. The process may be continued and completed without a Federal amendment, provided the States of their own will set about the work."

The advocates of the Child Labor Amendment, however, despite their temporary setback, think otherwise, and are not discouraged. One of these organizations, the National League of Women Voters, declares in a telegram that "only the first chapter has been written in this story. Like the cause of woman suffrage, this cause may suffer many preliminary defeats, but it will ultimately succeed." Likewise Frank Morrison, Secretary of the American Federation of Labor, which sponsors the amendment, who wires us as follows:

"The published statement to the effect that one or both Houses of the Legislatures of thirteen States have turned down the Child Labor Amendment does not by any means indicate the rejection of the amendment. Any State may at any time reconsider its vote and record itself as approving the amendment. The battle is by no means over; in fact, it is just beginning. In most of the States where unfavorable action already has been taken there have been organized campaigns of the most despicable nature. Employers of child labor have gone the limit in financing these campaigns. The whole situation calls for a Congressional investigation of the most serious character."

"The evidence for the necessity for the amendment is clear, and has never been answered," declares the New York Tribune,



which goes on to predict that the States which already have rejected the amendment will reconsider. In the fight that is in prospect, remarks the Boston *Christian Science Monitor*, the proponents of the amendment will take advantage of the many lessons learned in the present legislative battle:

"The form of the Child Labor Amendment was such as to give its foes the opportunity to attack it on such grounds as the fixing of the age limit at 18 years; the failure to protect parents desirous of employing children in purely domestic services; and the general plan of giving Congress a blanket authority on the subject. It was unfortunate that the amendment should have been so drawn as to arouse these apprehensions. The problem which it sought to solve still exists, and the chances are that by its defeat the evils it should have corrected will be so enhanced that a new and proper amendment will in due time be carried into effect."

Finally, we are reminded by the New York *World*, "the sponsors of the Child Labor Amendment have now to make a very important decision." In this paper's opinion:

"They can use their energies and their comparatively limited funds in an effort to convert the State legislatures in a campaign for ratification. Or they can accept the result as a verdict, not against child labor laws, but against the extension of the Federal power and concentrate their efforts upon arousing the backward States and urging on the progressive States. They can not successfully do both. They should, in our opinion, concentrate on the States. The sponsors have everything to gain and nothing to lose. If they succeed in the States, they will have attained their objective. If they lose in the States, they will have given new force to the argument for Federal action.

"To those who have fought the amendment for the sake of business profits, *The World* has this to say: You had best remember that the non-ratification of this amendment does not mean its final defeat. If, after a sincere effort is made to bring the States up to standard, it becomes evident that the curse of child labor is ineradicable by State action, sentiment for this amendment will revive. The employers of child labor have been granted a period of grace in which to reform themselves or at least let themselves be reformed by State action. If they are stupid, they will bring down upon themselves and the country the whole force of the Federal power."



UNDER THE TWENTIETH AMENDMENT

—Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch.

GERMANY'S NEW LUTHER

THE THIRTEENTH CABINET of the German Republic, formed by Dr. Hans Luther on January 19, and representing a majority of the parties and a majority of the German people, "may be its most important and most effective," in the opinion of Maximilian Harden, generally recognized as the most famous, fearless, and independent of German editors. Chancellor Luther's program, says the Berlin correspondent of the *New York World*, "does not differ a particle from that of former Chancellor Marx," altho the new Ministry "is the first monarchistic, reactionary régime Germany has had since the Republic was founded in 1918." But the new Government "is wholly loyal to the Republic," declares the Chancellor, "the proof being that the Cabinet has taken a decision not to change the existing form of the State."

In its first parliamentary battle in the Reichstag, five days after it was formed, the Luther Cabinet won out in a vote of confidence by 246 to 160, with 39 not voting. Thus a majority is assured the new Government, in the opinion of Berlin correspondents of American newspapers. But the opposition is formidable, thinks T. R. Ybarra, correspondent at the German capital for the *New York Times*. It includes not only Communists "who are chronically 'agin' the Government, but also Socialists, Democrats, and a good percentage of Centrists." What American editors seem to be chiefly interested in, however, is that the new Chancellor and his Cabinet will stand by the Republic's constitution, and support the London agreement for the execution of the Dawes plan. In a wireless dispatch from Berlin to the *Washington Star*, Mr. Harden says:

"Even if the Luther Cabinet were to fall to-morrow, it would leave an invaluable legacy. For it has the first program in which the Nationalists were represented, which recognized:

"First, that Germany's legal basis is the Republican Constitution of August 11, 1919.

"Second, that any attempt to change the Constitution by violence or illegal measures is high treason.

"Third, that Germany's existence as a State rests upon a parliamentary system of government.

"Fourth, that the aim of the foreign policy is a real and lasting peace among all the nations.

"Fifth, that the London agreement and the Dawes plan must be loyally carried out.

"Until now, the Nationalists have violently disputed these points. Henceforth, they are to be responsible and they will be stigmatized as liars if they again want treaty sabotage, a breach in the Constitution, a *coup d'état* or a war of revenge. This is not a little—it is more than any government has proclaimed since the short-lived attempt to copy Russia.

"The names and the past of the new ministers are not important. Their program for uprooting corruption, despising luxurious excesses, making trade agreements and bringing light into the darkness of the taxation muddle and bettering the poor laws is

such that every honest citizen will agree with and help to execute it.

"All the former governments under the Republic have trembled in terror before the Nationalists and have been over-enthusiastic in attempting to illuminate their own patriotism. The Nationalists, sitting on ministerial benches for the first time since 1918, do not need to tremble. They feel they are real 'patriots.' But their chief object at the moment is not to cause fresh distrust among the classes not represented in the Government nor among the foreign States with which Germany is making treaties."



Keystone View photograph

"I AM NO PENELOPE,"

"weaving the skein of the Dawes plan by day, only to unravel it at night," declares Germany's new Chancellor, Dr. Hans Luther. His Cabinet, according to *The Nation* (New York), consists of four Nationalists, a member of the Bavarian People's Party, four Centrists, and one Democrat. Socialists and Communists are conspicuous by their absence. Dr. Luther, who was Minister of Finance in the Cuno Cabinet, is one of the youngest of Germany's seventeen Chancellors since Bismarck, having been born in Berlin in 1879, and his training and education have been those of a professional municipal administrator.

construction and peaceful development of Germany, which are important elements of this general world pacification, are possible only if the principle of political and economic understanding is assured. This applies to the question of the evacuation of the northern Rhineland zone. The Reichs Government wants to settle this question as soon as possible, for when the evacuation failed to occur on January 10, the profound conviction of the German people that the healing of Germany and the world was now to be expected was heavily impaired, and with it Germany's capacity for making reparations deliveries.

"Finally, a word about our social outlook. Every German Cabinet has the particularly difficult task of finding the right way between, on the one side, the necessity of meeting the obligations of the London agreement and, on the other side, the realization of a healthy social policy, without which, in the long run, economic payments would be impossible.

"Symptomatic of the fact that this Cabinet is not socially reactionary was the first decision over the obligatory eight-hour day in the steel-mills. The declarations of the Cabinet show that it stands by its liberal social policy, especially concerning the sharing of burdens under the coming tax law, in which social justice will play a decisive rôle. This means that each must pay according to his capacity to do so, and that the really poor shall be spared."

Dr. Luther, in the opinion of the *New York Times*, "will tolerate no effort on the part of the reactionaries to undermine the German Republic." And this is important for the peace of the world, "for Germany, bent on playing her part fairly, is a great factor for good in world reconstruction." According to the *Los Angeles Times*:

"The new Chancellor is not a party man in the partizan sense of the term. He has never taken active part in party squabbles. He is an economist and a financial expert; a business man rather than a politician. And Germany is inclined to indorse the Republican slogan in this country, 'More business in Government and less Government in business.'

"America is interested industrially and economically in the early restoration of Germany; for the German markets are necessary to consume a part of the surplus of our industries."

"The interest of the outside world in this Ministry is mainly as to its ability to hold together so that the application of the Dawes plan can be made effective," observes the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. And, remarks the *Atlanta Journal*:

"In that happy event a better prospect throughout the range of international affairs should soon unfold. Confidence, on which business so much depends, will strengthen and widen, not in Europe alone, but wherever European relationships extend. Investment will take courage, industry will expand, trade will quicken, prosperity will come to harvest."

Other editors are less optimistic regarding the future of the Luther régime. "If the Government manages to carry on, it will do very well," thinks the *Philadelphia Inquirer*; and to the *Dayton News* the new Cabinet seems "weak, tame, and impermanent." Continues Governor Cox's paper:

"It doesn't seem possible that Dr. Luther, the new Chancellor of Germany, with his Cabinet, is destined for a very long term in public office. The Administration is caught between two conflicting political grindstones and it is hardly likely that, occupying this unsatisfactory position, it can maintain any semblance of order, or acquire much in the way of constructive legislation for the nation.

"The Marx ministry, while it lasted, succeeded in holding the line with fair results, but each new political change brings to Germany additional difficulties. Reactionary forces in the Reichstag are waiting for their chance to cause trouble, and they will not want for opportunity under the Luther Administration."

It is "hard" for the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* "to believe that a Cabinet composed of reactionaries can be anything but reactionary in its tendencies," and the *Louisville Courier-Journal* would have us remember that—

"While the first act of the nondescript Luther Cabinet was to uphold the Dawes plan, it could not have done otherwise. The Luther Cabinet exists only by the grace of the parties of the Center, the Centrists, the Democrats, and the Socialists. And they have demanded that the course laid down by former Chancellor Marx be followed. It is, therefore, a perfunctory performance."

Moreover, points out the *Manchester Union*:

"The opposition is gaining votes in the Reichstag. The Communists are being reenforced by Socialists and Democrats, while it is by no means sure that the defection has not extended to the Centrists. Opponents of the Dawes plan, of course, are making the most of the opportunity. All possible capital, too, is made of the refusal of the Allies to withdraw from the Cologne bridgehead, and here again the Government is accused of weakness and ineptitude. Add to all this the burden of recent financial scandals among officials, and it is easy to see how the Government's troubles have mounted.

"But the really disturbing factor in the situation is the belief in some impending coup by the Monarchists. Supporters of the Republic are manifesting extreme alarm, and an undoubted effect is being produced by the charges of the radicals that the Luther Government is in reality designed to be merely a bridge over which the Monarchists can march to a restoration. There is more skepticism outside Germany about such a move than within its borders. But so long as the menace is regarded by the Germans as substantial, just so long there will be obstruction to the return to stable conditions."

THE END OF A GREAT ADVENTURE

A CERTAIN FLAIR for suggestive phrases is attributed by one of our newspapers to Mr. James C. Davis, Director-General of Railroads, who characterizes the war-time operation of railroads by our Government as a "great adventure" now practically concluded. If Mr. Davis used the phrase with an eye to its availability for headline purpose or as a theme for editorial discussion, he is not being disappointed, it is further remarked. For his statement that war rail-control cost the Government \$1,674,500,000 is seized on by the press as an opportunity to air their own views about the profitableness of the "great adventure." Undoubtedly, we read in the *New York Herald Tribune*, the final settlement of our Government's war-time and after-war dealings with the railroads is "the largest liquidation involving a single commercial interest ever undertaken." This paper reminds us that when President Wilson took over the railroads (excluding certain short lines) at the end of 1917, as a war measure, the transportation system thus transferred to government operation "comprised 532 separate railroad properties, 25 coastwise and inland steamship lines, Pullman car lines, private car companies, floating equipment used in rivers and harbors, and elevators owned by railroads." The total cost of this adventure, according to Mr. Davis, comprises: The loss under Federal operation, \$1,123,500,000; the expense of the guaranty period, \$536,000,000; and the amount required to reimburse short lines under the transportation act, \$15,000,000.

The "great adventure" is concluded at this cost, remarks Mr. Davis, "and the liabilities have been practically all paid, without litigation in any case." In particular, during the last four years, the railroads' damage claims against the Government have been settled without litigation; and by boiling down those claims and balancing against them certain claims of the Government they have been reduced to \$48,574,901—only a little more than 6 per cent. of the \$1,013,389,502 originally asked.

Taking the adventure as a whole, there are those who fail to see anything very dreadful in the grand total loss of \$1,674,500,000. The *Springfield Republican* recalls that Walker D. Hines, former Director-General of Railroads, once asserted that "Federal control has not cost a cent more than private control would have cost in the same difficult period, but on the contrary has cost considerably less." "Government operation of railroads should be appraised not on the basis of its costs, but by its accomplishments," argues the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, which is convinced that Federal operation "used the transportation facilities of the country to greater advantage than ever before. The deficit incurred in railroad operation was money well spent."

On the other hand, this expense to the American taxpayers "represents the penalty of indulgence by the Wilson Administration in a wholly unnecessary and appallingly costly experiment," in the opinion of the *Detroit Free Press*, which insists that "the period throughout which the Railroad Administration had charge of the transportation business of the country was the period of poorest service in the history of the railroads." As the *New York Times* puts it, "government operation added 300,000 workers to the pay-rolls, made their wages a matter of politics, and lowered their morale"; it "was a costly adventure, but it has been worth the cost if it convinced the people that it is expensive both in loss of service and in weight of taxes."

Besides being an object lesson in government ownership, says the *Oshkosh Northwestern*, "two other net gains should be credited to government control—it led to the transportation act of 1920, and it gave an impetus to consolidation of the roads."

The Railroad Administration will remain in existence a few months longer, to defend a number of suits for damages brought by individuals, and to collect interest and principal of loans to the railroads. The latter bear 6 per cent. interest and a bill is now before Congress to reduce the interest rate.

THE WET DRYS IN CONGRESS

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SCANDALS, as a Washington correspondent paraphrases the national Capital, is much in the eye of the nation since a Michigan Congressman's wife, who is being sued for divorce, mentioned the names of several Congressmen in connection with drinking and gambling parties. "Three of these men voted for the Eighteenth Amendment," declares the Washington correspondent of the New York World, and many editors consider this the height of hypocrisy. Moreover, Prohibitionists in Congress are considering the advisability of an inquiry into the charges that intoxicants have been brought by Congressmen into the United States from Panama. At any rate, say Washington correspondents, the revelations at this particular divorce trial in Michigan are certain to result in turning the light "on the Congressional junket to Panama which figures in the divorce trial." Thus, concludes the Adrian (Mich.) Telegram, "even private scandals like a divorce case sometimes serve a useful purpose."

According to the Washington correspondent of the Memphis Commercial Appeal:

"The specific charge is that several members of Congress, including several who consistently vote dry, brought into this country, in violation of the law which they helped enact, a considerable quantity of liquor on the transport *Crystobal* returning from Panama in 1921. A very specific charge was made that three or four members put their stock in one trunk and got it into the United States under the 'freedom of the port' courtesy."

Leaders of the dries, we are told in a United Press dispatch from Washington, intend to make it impossible for a sitting member of Congress to drink either publicly or privately, and still hold Congressional office. "The wetness of many dry legislators has long been notorious," we are reminded by the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, which adds: "Often the drier a statesman is in his views, the wetter he is in his personal conduct." "It is a painful reflection" to the New York *Evening World*, "that these statesmen sponsor the Volstead Law, which they are charged with violating." As the Milwaukee *Sentinel* pungently remarks:

"The Congressman who votes dry and then provides himself and his friends with liquor in violation of the law he has helped to make, places himself in a position that no self-respecting man should occupy."

"Asking Congressmen to sign a pledge to abstain from intoxicants is unnecessary. Congressmen are pledged to support the law. To violate that pledge is a grave offense. To violate it and at the same time to keep up a hypocritical appearance of favoring a law which they privately disregard is worse."

"If Prohibition is 'good enough for the average man,' it is good enough for the men who made it the national law and who annually vote millions of the people's money to make it effective for everybody but themselves," is the caustic comment of the

Hartford *Times*. But the New York *Times*, in a tired voice, declares that "hypocrisy is so common in politics that perhaps the large dose to which politicians have treated themselves and the country in regard to Prohibition ought not to excite special disgust."

The wet Congressmen who vote dry have their defenders, however. In the opinion of Chester Leasure, Washington correspondent of the Topeka *Capital*:

"Washington, perhaps, is no better nor worse than any other American city of half a million folks of all and sundry sorts. Washington is much in the eye of the nation. As the nation's

Capital, Washington should be like Mrs. Caesar, absolutely above suspicion—but unfortunately isn't.

"As is but natural, the wets make the most of these Michigan memoirs. There's much lifting of hands in holy horror because Congressmen vote dry and drink wet. The inference is that all the dry Congressmen are in that category. But in their attempt to accuse the entire dry membership of Congress of hypocrisy and to impugn their motives and impeach their honor, the wets simply insult the intelligence of the country."

In the present instance, believes the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*:

"There is nothing for the House—or the Senate either—to do but to stand on its dignity and treat with silent contempt the bold accusation that sworn lawmakers of the United States of America have so far failed in their sense of propriety as to indulge in unconstitutional and unstatutory liquor-drinking."

"What would be the possible good of a Congressional investigation? If an investigation concluded with a solemn finding that Senators and Representatives never, never drank, the people would laugh themselves to death."



It is doubtful to the Adrian *Telegram* whether it would be "wise, expedient, or even possible to expel the drinkers in Congress." But public opinion will operate against them, thinks this Michigan daily; "that is the useful function of a searchlight, even if it is turned on in an ordinary divorce case." To quote a Southern paper, the Macon *Telegraph*, for the purpose of balancing geographically this wet and dry comment:

"Our lawmakers probably drink no more—and very likely less—than any other equal number of men in the same social stratum. It's really no good to call them hypocrites when they drink. A great many of the Congressmen now in Washington were not there when the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted and the Volstead Law passed. The law is no more binding on them than on their constituents. And they are no more hypocrites than others who may drink."

Of course, observes the Manchester *Union*, "the demand for a Congressional investigation into this, that and the other thing is sufficiently familiar." And *The Union* goes on:

"It may be accepted that the country at large believes there is more drinking in Washington than there should be. It is even willing to allow something for the special immunities and the special stocks of the diplomatic corps. None of these things is sufficiently in dispute, tho, to cause a wide-spread insistence upon a Congressional investigation."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

It is hard for rich men to get into heaven. Also for poor ones.—*Chico Record*.

New translations, however, can't wean people from the old transgressions.—*Tucson Citizen*.

The first essential in making a jingo is to let him get above the draft age.—*Bakersfield Californian*.

Ah, well; Britain is entitled to just as many French promises as Uncle Sam receives.—*Pasadena Post*.

It is easy to pick out the foreign-born. They cuss capital instead of Congress.—*El Dorado Tribune*.

The reason some people don't hear Opportunity knocking is because they are at it themselves.—*San Diego Union-Tribune*.

FORTUNATELY the heathen are told about civilization and not shown.—*Baltimore Sun*.

You can't actually read men out of a party, but you can stop passing the pie.—*Everett Herald*.

THE horse sense that prevented wrecks in the old days probably belonged to the horse.—*Bellingham Herald and Reveille*.

THERE are two kinds of people: the intelligentsia and morons. The intelligentsia does the classifying.—*Fresno Republican*.

If they are too young to labor under eighteen, aren't they too young to whiz about in high-power cars?—*Associated Editors (Chicago)*.

THE Italian Prime Minister has ordered several Anti-Fascist newspapers to suspend publication. We shall really have to call him Muzzlini.—*The Humorist*.

A FEW years ago, when 6,000,000 automobiles were registered in America, we talked of the "point of saturation" being just around the corner. Now there are 17,700,179, and the greatest problem is the saturation of some of those who drive automobiles.—*Louisville Times*.

THE man who says he runs things at his house may mean the washing-machine and vacuum-cleaner.—*Sumter (S. C.) Item*.

"WHAT will the modern girl be twenty years hence?" asks a contemporary. About half a dozen birthdays further on.—*The Humorist*.

It might be possible to remove liquor from politics, but we are beginning to apprehend that the patient wouldn't survive the operation.—*Columbia Record*.

MUSSOLINI has astonished Rome by entering a cage of lions. It must have been a great relief to him after conducting the Italian Parliament.—*New York Herald Tribune*.

THE world-famous Poet Laureate of Great Britain is to visit the United States again this winter. Ladies and gentlemen, may we introduce Mister—ah—Mister—er—.—*Life*.

WE suppose if Abraham Lincoln had been Federally inspected out of splitting any rails or doing any other odd jobs until he was eighteen years of age he might have become quite a prominent and useful man.—*Ohio State Journal*.

"THE mountain at Troedrwhiwfuch, South Wales, is moving, owing to heavy and continuous rains," says a news item. Considering the impracticability of its carrying an umbrella, moving is the best plan. We can recommend Egypt for a dry and sunny climate.—*The Humorist*.

EDUCATION is almost as expensive as ignorance.—*Columbia Record*.

ALL that stands between us and a hot time is the rest of this winter.—*Columbia Record*.

NATIONALISM is the theory that if you don't grab it some other great nation will.—*Anaheim Plain Dealer*.

THE Democratic party is better equipped to understand world problems. It has a deficit.—*Sacramento Bee*.

If defeated on the seas, we would be lost. The raw material for chewing-gum is imported.—*Fond du Lac Commonwealth*.

FORBIDDING anybody to work those under eighteen years of age won't affect jokes.—*Birmingham News*.



THE TIE THAT BINDS!

—Cargill in the *Topeka State Journal*.

THE old cry of "Get a horse" seems to have been changed to "Get a pedestrian."—*Life*.

ONE check that can always be cashed is a check on your living expenses.—*Columbia Record*.

PENNSYLVANIA coal-miners are beginning to realize that a strike would not be a hit.—*Wall Street Journal*.

PROHIBITION does some good. An English poet refuses to come to America on account of it.—*Columbia Record*.

A SKELETON was recently found in an express train. We always take sandwiches if there is no dining-car.—*Punch*.

ANCIENT implements of torture recently realized large sums at a sale. Modern saxophones are expensive, too.—*The Humorist*.

TWENTY-TWO million letters were sent to the dead-letter office in Washington last year. And there probably wasn't a bill in any of 'em.—*Marion Star*.

THIS ought to be said, in justice to the Kansas pardon bureau, all who wanted out didn't get out. Some of them didn't have the money.—*Wichita Beacon*.

Now that the Bolshevik leaders are writing their memoirs, it appears that all the lies we told about them are true.—*Columbia Record*.

SIR OLIVER LODGE describes the human eye as a radio receiver. Some of the ladies manage to do a good deal of broadcasting with it, too.—*New York Herald Tribune*.

NEARLY 300 breweries are reported to have closed down during 1924. Which means that a lot more of the splendid rain we are having will go to waste.—*The Humorist*.

OVER one hundred million people in the United States escaped being run over by automobiles last year, several of them having also escaped the year before.—*Life*.

TEXANS are said to be considering a new State anthem entitled "You Gotta See Papa Every Day if You Want to See Mamma at All."—*New York Herald Tribune*.

SEVERAL European scientists are coming here to study the influenza germ. They might also examine such typical insects as the Presidential bee, the Broadway butterfly, the crossword puzzle pest and the radio bug.—*Life*.

THE Government said we couldn't drink any more in Chicago unless we put meters in. That announcement caused a lot of excitement around town yesterday until it was learned that the Government meant water meters.—*Chicago Tribune*.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

ECONOMIST KEYNES ON WAR DEBTS

WAR DEBTS seem to many politicians and business men of the United States, tho not to all of them, it is said, just as ordinary commercial debts for goods sold and delivered. Great Britain acted on that principle, we are reminded, when the United States asked her to pay, and she is paying. But J. M. Keynes, who rose suddenly to fame through his volume on "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," maintains that there are sufficient reasons why France and Italy should not be treated as the United States treated Great Britain. The first he names is the origin of the debts; the second, the evils which would follow an attempt to exact them; and the third, the practical impossibilities of collection. Therefore Mr. Keynes sympathizes with the distinction which Mr. Clémentel, the French Minister of Finance, made when he called these war debts "political debts," and the other obligations of the French Government "commercial debts." According to Mr. Keynes, the interallied debts are "a matter of politics and not of law or contract," and he adds that it is as mistaken to treat them as things of contract as it is to treat the theoretical liabilities of Germany under the Treaty of Versailles as things of contract. This authority goes on to say:

"If we consider for one minute the origin of the debts, it is obvious that they are not just like other debts. Let me put the argument as it may reasonably appear to a Frenchman. Each of the Allies threw the whole of their strength into the struggle—it was, as the Americans say, a 100 per cent. war. But—wisely and properly—they did not all use their strength in the same way. For example, the effort of France was mainly military. On account of the number of men she put into the field in proportion to her population, and because part of France was occupied by the enemy, France did not possess, after the first year, sufficient economic strength to equip her armies and feed her people, as well as to fight. Our military effort, tho very great, was not so great as that of France; but our naval effort was much greater than hers; and our financial effort also was far greater, since it fell on us—until America came into the war—to use our wealth and our industrial strength to help to equip and feed the other Allies. America's effort, on the other hand, was mainly financial. Both absolutely and in proportion to her population, her military effort, measured by the number of men she placed in the field and by her casualties—important tho it was to the result—was on an altogether smaller scale. On the other hand, the part which America played in equipping and feeding the Allies was enormous, and we could not, without such help, have won the war. Thus each Ally made essential contributions to the result. But they did not all make them in the same way."

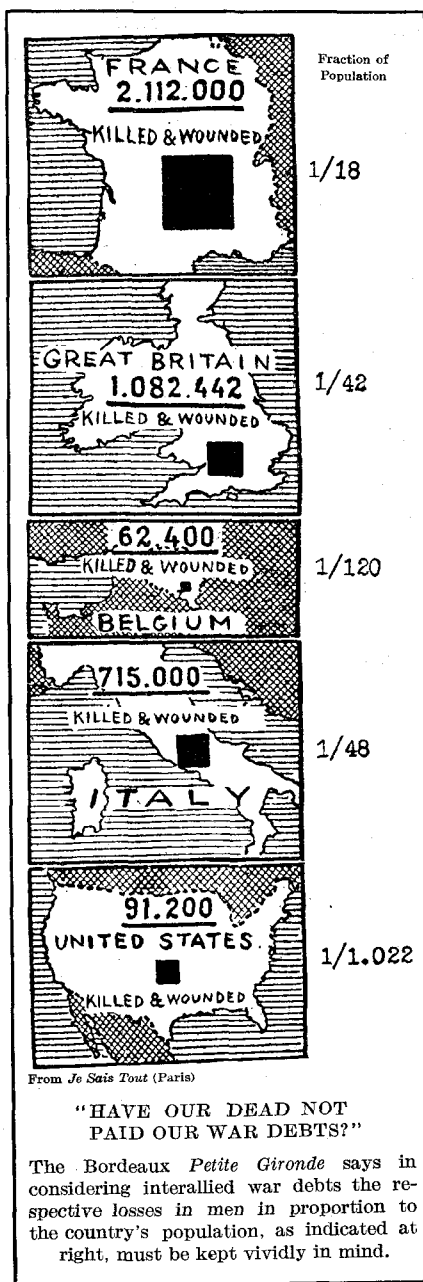
Mr. Keynes points out then that it has never occurred to Britain or to America to charge France and Italy for the British or American shells fired from British or American guns. Yet,

he adds, when British or American shells were fired from French or Italian guns, the real cost to Britain or to America was much less, because France and Italy supplied the gunners, suffered the casualties, and are paying the pensions. Nevertheless—

"In this case we propose to charge France and Italy for the shells. In fact, when American men and guns and shells had time to reach the front, so that France was wholly relieved within the sector which they took over, there is no idea in any one's mind that France should be charged money for the aid which America thus gave to her. When Great Britain sent men as well as supplies to the Italian front, there is no idea of charging Italy anything. But when the American men and guns had not reached the front, and only American shells or American wheat or American petrol reached the French armies, so that France had to find the men to use the equipment and to suffer the human losses, then France is to pay for the shells, the wheat, and the petrol. There is no rime or reason in this—no justice or common sense."

If it be asked why these sums were lent instead of being given outright at the beginning, and thus avoiding all this trouble, Mr. Keynes tells us there was at the time an excellent reason against this—namely, if the money had been given outright, it would certainly have promoted extravagance and a lack of responsibility in spending. A large part of the financial control of the war consisted in establishing financial controls, he remarks, which means preventing one department or one ally from spending sums out of the limited total resources available, which could be spent to better advantage by another department or ally. It was hard enough, he confesses, for the British Treasury to control its spending department and it was impossible, except indirectly, to control the spending departments of Britain's allies. If every official of the Allied Governments, down to those with the least feeling and the least power of imagination, had known that it was some one else's money he was spending, Mr. Keynes avers that the incentives to economy would have been even less than they were. He tells us then that he has had no connection with the British

Treasury for several years, but he is sure that its dealings with Britain's allies during the war were mainly directed to the enforcement of necessary economy, and to see that Britain's limited resources were spent to the best advantage. These transactions were not looked on at the time in the light of investments, or of commercial advances, and he feels sure that the same was true of the United States Treasury. Therefore, he adds, "if the American public now think that in 1917 and 1918 they were engaged not in war, but in investment, their memories are very short." Apart from the history of the debts, he goes on to say, the attempt to exact them now will



have no other result than to breed international ill-will, and it is predicted that—

"We should just have the German reparations problem over again between each of the former Allies. Hatred, dissension, and—in my belief—not even money would be the result of trying to collect this sum year by year for a generation.

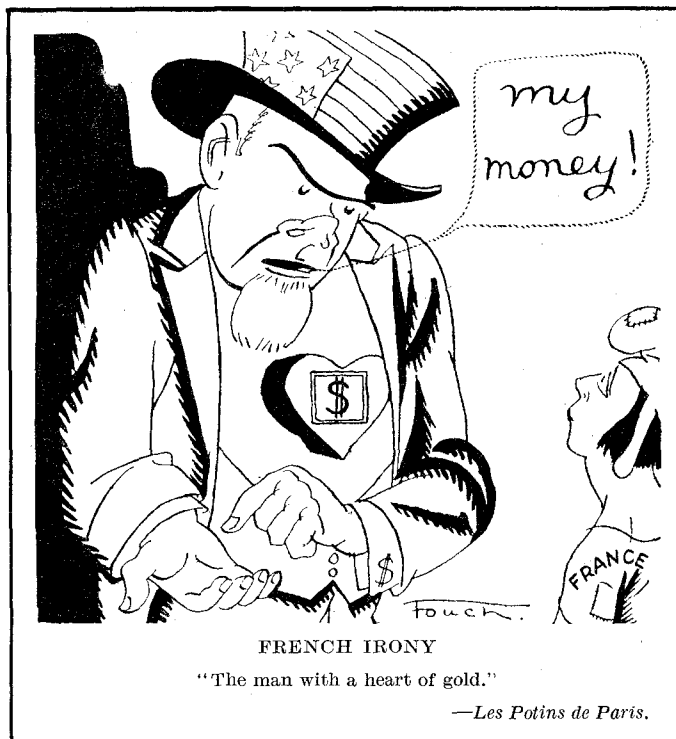
"Not even money; for France not only believes conscientiously that justice does not require her to pay, and also that she can not pay, but payment in full would, in view of the history of German reparations, so deeply outrage her most genuine feelings that she would not do it, even if it were in her interest.

"For let us look at the demand in relation to the Dawes scheme. If France were to pay interest and sinking-fund, even at a low rate of interest, on what she owes to us and to the United States, it would come to rather more than £60,000,000 a year, which is almost exactly equal to the whole of France's share of German reparations under the Dawes scheme, on the assumption that this scheme works out in full. Does any one believe that France, in whatever circumstances, or under whatever threats, will agree to hand over to Great Britain and the United States every penny that she gets from Germany, and perhaps more?"

Looking back, Mr. Keynes believes that it would have been an act of statesmanship and wisdom on the part of Great Britain if, on the day of the Armistice, she had announced to her Allies that all they owed her was forgiven from that day. But it is not so easy to take that line now, he declares, because, for one thing, Britain has undertaken to pay the United States "half a million dollars every week day for sixty years, and day by day she is paying it." This sum is equivalent to two-thirds of the cost of her Navy, it appears, and is nearly equal to the total of her State expenditure on education. Also—

"It is more than the whole of the profits of all our merchant ships and all our coal-mines added together. With an equal sacrifice over an equal period we could abolish slums and rehouse our population in comfort. That we should pay on this scale, and not be paid ourselves, must influence our attitude. Therefore, the idea that America should get better terms from France than we get, because of her brusker attitude, is, for good reasons, intolerable to British opinion. It is impossible, now, for us to forgive the debts of France and of Italy unless America does the same. We can not tolerate even the suggestion that America, whom we are paying, should get better terms than we get from those who owe us both."

The first step to a settlement in Mr. Keynes's view is a frank



discussion between Great Britain and the United States, and he ventures a suggestion as to the lines of compromise such a settlement might take, as follows:

"Let a certain moderate proportion of what France and Italy may receive from Germany each year, out of payments made under the Dawes scheme, be devoted to the payment of the French and Italian debts to their allies; let these sums be divided between Great Britain and the United States in the proportion of what each is owed; and let this be in final discharge.

"It is not appropriate to invite France to make an offer. . . . For this is merely to ask France to expose herself to humiliation. But if Great Britain and the United States could agree together to make to her a proposal on the above lines—say, one-third of what she may receive from Germany from time to time hereafter—there is a chance of an honorable settlement."

An interesting French view of the general aspect of the debt question is contributed by Lucien Romier to the *Paris Journée Industrielle*, who says that the problem is not one of right, of expert opinion or of bargaining; but merely one of diplomacy on the one hand and of credit on the other, and these are dominated entirely by psychological considerations. Until the psychological factors of the matter are adjusted, this editor maintains, one mistake will follow another, and he continues:

"First there is the American psychology. It presents itself under a double aspect, namely, the psychology of the American people and the psychology of the American Government. The question of the debts has not reached the same degree of maturity in the minds of the people as in the mind of the Government. Therefore it will be understood why the American Government is obliged in such case to defend the interests of its people, and at the same time to enlighten the people according to methods it judges to be opportune. The worst misstep that could be taken would be to attempt in any way to force the hand of those in authority at Washington. When they ask us to discuss the question, let us discuss it; but we must not drive them to discuss it.

"Secondly, there is the French psychology. In this matter France has two feelings. She feels first that she is burdened with a debt which in some lights is unfair. The other feeling is that she can not repudiate her obligations, because she is jealous of her honor; and what is more, she knows that in meeting these obligations she would rejuvenate her credit.

"From all this the conclusions are simple. We must not irk the American Government in its relations with its people, and we must confine ourselves to answering loyally and firmly any questions it may ask. Then we must search out a means, and we can find one, to offer America such satisfaction as shall inspire her with confidence in our credit."



RUSSIA'S ANTI-BOLSHEVIK PEASANTS

OLD RUSSIA LIVES five miles from the railway-stations in Soviet Russia, we are told, and at this distance the influence of the Soviet Republic wanes. Travelers who go into the depths of the country will find that not much seems to have changed through the Bolshevik revolution, according to Stephen Graham, an Englishman, who knows Russia intimately through long residence and research, and who both before and after the revolution mixed with rich and poor alike. This is the description given of him by the London *Sphere*, to which he

saw in them only their masters. They made common cause against all who wore officers' uniforms, we are told, seeking out even mere subalterns in corners of railway carriages and lynching them by the side of the lines. It is recalled that they invented the unjust and terrible formula that became so common, namely: "You lived on us, you drank our blood!" Drifting and driving homeward to all their little villages, it is stated, they did the dreadful work of spreading the revolutionary ferment throughout Russia, and—

"They made the great Red storm which Lenin rode. Lenin's capacity must be judged by the fact that he was able to ride it, and that out of the midst of fleeing millions he was able to call to the service of the Red flag a proletarian army. This was an army which could shout and sing, and murder and run—not, strictly speaking, a fighting army, useless against the Germans, and only of use against other bands of Russians as spiritually exhausted as themselves. The shameful peace of Brest-Litovsk was signed, and then Russia's war became mainly civil war. The revolutionary fervor of the Russian peasant might have abated had not the other great motive come into play—land-hunger."

According to Mr. Graham, this land-hunger is an amazing phenomenon because the Russians are racially a landless people—by origin, nomads. The roving instinct is said to be more strongly infused in their blood than in that of any other race in Europe. They are not tied to one place, not rooted to home or family or village or countryside, and yet we are told that they have the greatest of all land-hungers. This informant continues:

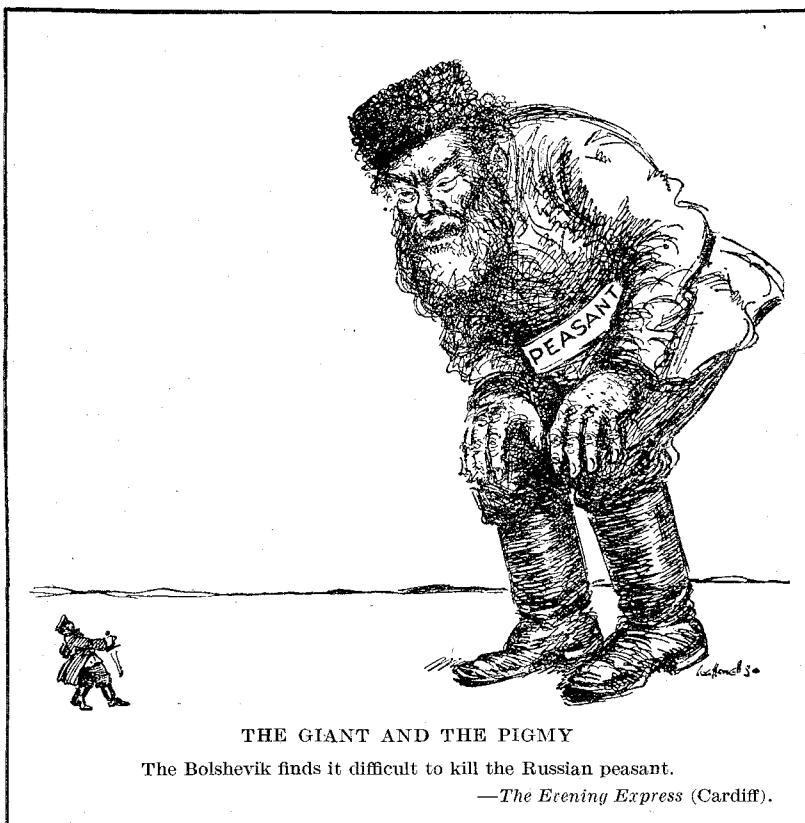
"The peasants, these mad desirers of land, were slaves seventy years ago. They were bought and sold at auction; they were transferred at will from property to property. But in this short space of time they have gone all the way from being the chattels of their masters to making their masters outcasts and wage-slaves."

"The former landowner of Tver, possessor of antique manor and square miles of land, is now laboring ten hours a day in a French factory for a bare pittance, barely enough to keep wife and family in a slum dwelling. His ex-tenants are squatting on his lands, gorged to satiety with mere earth, and understanding at last that land without labor does not feed. The children of the serfs have ransacked the old mansion. They have out-breathed all the hot revolutionary formulas about living on the life-blood of the people. But having done so, they have largely forgotten about it. What they really needed was less land and more modern machinery, better methods of cultivation, more actual work done on each acre. Now that they have more land they are actually cultivating considerably less."

"It is one of the paradoxes of the situation in Russia that having confiscated the Crown lands, the great estates of the Grand Dukes, and all the landed property of the smaller and greater nobles, Russia is in constant danger of famines, and the area of peasant cultivation grows less and less."

For the peasantry the revolution ended here, we are told, despite the Marxian rule at Moscow, and it is said that an ecstatic glorification of the idea of private property set in. If General Denikin had been able to convince the peasants that they would receive legal title to their new lands, Mr. Graham believes he probably would have defeated the Communists. But he was accompanied on his campaign, it appears, by a number of dispossessed landowners eager to turn the peasants out and reestablish the old property rights, while the peasants were not defending the revolution as such, but were defending their newly got lands. But the fact is that Denikin failed, the idea of a returning landowner full of revenge has faded, and we read:

"The memory of the war itself is slowly receding. We have to-day a Russia with a new problem—how to reconcile the main



THE GIANT AND THE PIGMY
The Bolshevik finds it difficult to kill the Russian peasant.
—The Evening Express (Cardiff).

contributes an article on his recent return from the land of the Soviets. Fantastic Marxian experiments may be tried at Moscow, he says, but there is no scope for them in peasant Russia, and then he calls attention to the fact that:

"Two motives guided the peasants in the revolution; the first was war-weariness, and the second was land-hunger, and both have now disappeared. It is commonly forgotten that the war sufferings of the peasant soldiers in the Great War reached the limit of human endurance. In our faultiness of imagination in England we visualized something in Russia which we called the great Russian steam-roller—an engine which never existed. If anything, the Germans were the steam-roller, and the Russians went under it."

"And then, our great will to victory prevented us during the terrible years of strain from ever stressing the agonies of the soldiers in the line, of our own soldiers or of our Allies. The war, alas, was even worse in the east than in the west. To take but one example, quite horrible enough, the Russians met German gas almost entirely without gas-masks. One can only regard as worse than useless the wretched *protivo-gazi*, strips of linen soaked in chemicals given to the soldiers to put over their mouths."

"For a peasantry who did not really know what the war was about, the sufferings at last strained all the traditional passivity, the unquestioning obedience. And when the chance came, the Army broke up. There was the great unorganized flight from the front back to the villages. Panic bred terrorism and the revolutionary bands of 1917 and 1918 were largely made up of military deserters, afraid of the power of officers and all superiors, bound together to save themselves from court-martials, restored discipline, restored war."

Mr. Graham goes on to relate that they overlooked or had no conception of the gallantry and devotion of their ex-leaders, and

idea of the revolution with the peaceful way of life and the normal desires of the heart.

"The large Red standing army can not be kept indefinitely and without break on active service. The young fellows yearn for their homes. They go on leave back to the village, to their mothers, or their young wives. They bring their grievances together with their noisy talk, bring sometimes their supposed denial of Church and God, their new moral code to the test of the old-established peasant life and its traditions.

"It is true to say they find no counterpart to the excitements of garrison towns. Odessa may be held all agog with the project of carrying the flag of internationalism across the Dneister, and making revolution in Roumania. Minsk may talk big of the coming downfall of Poland. Such programs mean nothing to the peasantry at home. The diplomatic successes of Rakovsky mean nothing five miles from a railway-station. What does mean more is the narration of the social changes in the towns, the innumerable stories of 'Ilyitch's' [Lenin] tomb in Moscow, and the voices of the ghosts in the Red Square, the story of Tchitcherin's son having become a monk, and what Tchitcherin said to him.

"Under these circumstances it will be readily seen into what atmosphere the peasant soldier plunges when he goes on leave from his regiment, an atmosphere of religious speculation and discontent. At least no village church is converted into a cinema. The old priest may have died, no young one come to take his place, but the services go on. We have to-day in Russia the growth of a folk-church taking the place of a properly guided church. The people have been plainly told in many proclamations that the age of miracles is past. But while there was superstition before with priests, there must be very much more now when priests are dying off."

The schools have officially been taken away from the Church, we are reminded, and bands of Communist teachers have been distributed among the villages—a few hundred among tens of thousands of villages. But "these young atheists have had very little success," and it is asserted that each teacher would need a small armed force at his disposal to enforce his right to teach the children. Mr. Graham tells us that in almost every case inspected last summer, the Communist teacher had been obliged to do some sort of manual labor in exchange for food, and he goes on to say:

"Mr. Lunacharsky and Madame Lenina, in Moscow, are much perturbed by this state of affairs, which, owing to the extent of peasant Russia, is for the time being completely irremediable. Marxian ideas, it appears, can in nowise be propagated by merely sending teachers to the villages. The new Living Church has also been tried with a view to breaking down the authority of the old Church. But that also does not seem to function outside the towns, is not possessed by the necessary zeal, and seems to work chiefly for cash, for immunity from personal persecution, and for security as regards meals in the many times of famine. But Soviet Russia to-day is itself strongly divided against itself. The Zinovieffs are fighting for the cause, the Krassins for the food. Trotzky himself inclines to the food side. All the Bolsheviks are agreed on one point, and that is, that whether the peasant become a Marxian or no, he must be made to discharge more grain.

"Punitive bands are dispatched from the railway into the depths of this old, superstitious, unmoving peasant Russia to insure the filling of the grain-sacks. This comes hardest upon those nearest to the railway line. They yield to Krassin or else migrate further inward. For the rest, the peasants simply do not now grow the grain which the towns need. Being out of sympathy with the new life of the towns, and with the methods of the town commissaries, they will do nothing for love. And as no manufactured goods are offered them, except at fantastic prices, there is little inducement to barter. The peasant's common aim has become to cultivate just enough land and keep just enough stock to feed his family. The area of superfluity has grown less and less, and it is evidently going to be a stiff task persuading the peasants to grow for export or even to grow for the needs of the rest of the proletariat."

Another English journalist, Frederick A. Mackenzie, who has spent the past three years all over Russia, is quoted in the *New York Times* as saying that "the extreme radicals have control of the Government, and are making every effort to suppress capital, destroy business enterprise, and obliterate religion. The intellectual classes and the bourgeoisie are being subjected to greater oppression than ever."

UNREST IN EASTERN CANADA

DISTURBING EVIDENCES of unrest in the Maritime Provinces of Canada attract attention in England, and it is noted that these provinces may have got less out of the Canadian confederation than others of the Dominion. But it is pointed out at the same time that it is questionable whether they would have done any better if they had remained outside the Union. Since the war, industrial development has been at a standstill, writes the Canadian correspondent of the *London Times*, and the fisheries have shown no great expansion. Agriculture has been depressed, he adds, because too many young men go steadily to the United States and the Western Canadian provinces. Prohibitive tariffs are said to prevent any export to New England of the products of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Moreover, this informant goes on to say:

"An even greater grievance arises out of the inclusion of the Intercolonial Railway in the National Railway System. For fifty years the Intercolonial was practically controlled by the Atlantic Provinces. There was always a gap between income and expenditure. Its rates were adjusted in sympathy with Eastern conditions and Eastern demands. The Patronage Committees of the party in power had an influential voice in appointments to the Intercolonial Railway service. The road had annual deficits and never paid interest on the investment. But the East contended that construction of the Intercolonial was one of the essential conditions of Confederation, and that the railway, like the canals of Ontario and Quebec, which have cost \$300,000,000, was not expected to be self-supporting or to make a net return to the Federal Treasury."

Thirty years ago, this correspondent recalls, when there was a proposal to sell the Intercolonial to the Canadian Pacific, Sir John Thompson, then Prime Minister, declared that no Government could live in Canada unless its management of the Intercolonial was fairly satisfactory to the Eastern constituencies. But the organization of the National Railway System and the extension of the authority of the Dominion Railway Board over all freight and passenger charges has substantially reduced Eastern control over the Intercolonial section. Moreover:

"The use of Portland, in the State of Maine, as one of the ports of the National Railway system excites energetic protest. It is true that for many years Portland was a terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway, but a private road has greater freedom of action than a national railway can wisely exercise. It was always difficult to reconcile St. John and Halifax to diversion of Canadian traffic to Portland, but the responsibility could be laid upon a private corporation. Now the responsibility lies upon the Government, and votes are at stake in many constituencies. The Hon. William Pugsley, one of the most influential of Eastern Liberals, declares bluntly that the King Government 'will not be allowed to forget that the policy of developing trade for export through Canadian ports is absolutely essential to preserve Canadian unity and to satisfy the people of the Maritime Provinces.' He would have the Government sell the Portland section of the National Railway system to an American company, and refuses to be impressed by Sir Henry Thornton's warning that international considerations are involved."

Attention is then called to a significant by-election, recently held in Moncton to fill a seat in the Legislature of New Brunswick, in which "maritime rights" was the only issue in the contest:

"The Hon. J. P. Byrne, a member of the Liberal Provincial Government, was appointed to the Supreme Court Bench of the province. He was succeeded in the Cabinet by the Hon. Ivan Rand, and Mr. Rand sought election in Moncton, which Mr. Byrne had represented, and in which the chief shops of the Intercolonial Railway are situated. Mr. Rand was in a minority of 840 when the ballots were counted. He was rejected, it is explained, because it was believed 'he had forsaken the maritime rights movement,' and the victory of his opponent is interpreted as a protest against the 'dismemberment of the Intercolonial,' against excessive freight rates, against 'the side-tracking of maritime ports,' and against diversion of Canadian traffic to the ports of another country."

A TEST OF BRITISH TRADE UNIONISM

NOT THE LEAST of Britain's after-war problems has been the need of houses, and while there seems to be a possibility that it will be satisfied by Lord Weir's project for the so-called steel dwellings, some British editors think this way out of the difficulty may prove a severe test of British trade unionism. More houses are required to be built as quickly and as cheaply as possible, we are told, yet there is an admitted shortage of certain classes of craftsmen in the house-building industry to undertake the work, and no prospect of an increase in the immediate future. The London *Daily Telegraph* points out also that the price of bricks and other material must rise, not necessarily through any combined action on the part of the manufacturers, but in accordance with the general tendency of economic law, if a really big program is to be carried out and no alternative means of construction are available. In view of the imminence of the emergency this daily thinks the obvious policy is to ascertain whether by using other classes of labor, preferably unskilled, and different materials, these obstacles could be surmounted. We read then:

"In these circumstances many ingenious minds have been at work, and Lord Weir has evolved what has been described as 'the steel house,' the parts of which, he claims, can be produced on mass-production principles in shipyards, employing men who are now in unwilling idleness owing to the ship-building depression, leaving to other unskilled or semi-skilled workers, also now unemployed, the task of assembling the component units on any site chosen and completing the houses ready for the waiting occupants. It is said that these steel houses, which are in reality timber frameworks covered by steel plates, are open to several objections on the ground of 'sweating' and other mischiefs incidental to this kind of structure. The Minister of Labor, however, after inspecting one of the Weir houses, expressed himself as favorable to them, but at the same time let it be known that he was open to receive other practical suggestions which would assist in solving the problem. The Glasgow Corporation has decided to place two contracts, each for ten houses of the Weir type, as an experiment, for in that city the matter is possibly more urgent than anywhere else.

"Lord Weir's contention has always been that he is not embarking on house-building in the ordinary sense, but is attempting to solve two problems—by special expedients—the want of houses on the part of tens of thousands of working people, and the want of work on the part of tens of thousands of other artisans—including carpenters, joiners, and others, who in happier times have found ample work in the shipyards. These men normally are paid at much lower rates of wages than their fellows using the same tools, with no greater skill, and working on the same material—wood—in the building industry."

The shipbuilding industry, we are told, is exposed to the fiercest foreign competition, and the wage is, in the last analysis, paid by the shipowner, who is often a foreigner. But the house-builder is said to be sheltered from such competition and the worker has been able to extract from employers a higher wage, the employer being reimbursed by whoever eventually pays for the houses built. The situation created by this wage anomaly, it appears, has come to a head at Glasgow. There, we are told, the building trade operatives, protesting that carpenters, joiners, and others of the shipyard unions are going to be employed in house-building, have urged that, tho they may continue to work at the waterside they must be paid the "sheltered" and higher wage, even tho the additional money increases the cost of the working-class houses that are built. This London daily proceeds:

"That is a side of the matter with which, so far as we have observed, they do not concern themselves. Lord Weir, on the other hand, disclaiming any intention to interfere with the internal affairs of the building industry, urges that he should be allowed to pay men engaged in this particular form of emergency house-production as he would do if they were building ships. He proposes, as he has explained, to draw his labor from the unemployed craftsmen of the shipbuilding and steel industries,

and to reward them in accordance with a system of payment by results, which he claims is eminently suitable for mass production. These men would be paid, consequently, all that their industry earns, as is the custom in many departments of ship-building, and not by the number of hours they spend on a job. It is significant that in the attitude which he has taken up Lord Weir has not apparently the sympathy of the employers in the building industry, who naturally want peace in their borders, and in some respects have aligned themselves with the leaders of the building operatives."

Attention is then called to the fact that if building trade conditions are to apply to the mass productions of steel houses in respect of all trades common to building industry, the financial saving which it was hoped to effect to the advantage of workers, who are now crowded in tenements or existing in slums, may quite possibly disappear. A steel house may cost as much as one of bricks and mortar, and the reduction depends more on the rate of wages than upon any other condition, and we are further advised:

"If it be a fact that the former has a life of only thirty or thirty-five years, as has been suggested, whereas the latter will last at least twice as long, the steel houses may prove an uneconomic proposition, tho the advantage of quickness of construction would remain. If, moreover, the contention of the building trade operatives be conceded, an anomalous situation would arise. Joiners, carpenters, and other craftsmen engaged in ship-building will be working beside other craftsmen of the same trades, who, exhibiting no greater skill, will be receiving a much higher wage. No one can have foreseen these troubles when the idea of building houses of other material than bricks and mortar was first entertained. The difficulties which have arisen illustrate once more the inequality of wages which now exists in sheltered and unsheltered industries, and the extent to which the present confusion is interfering with the solution of what is admitted to be the most grievous social sore of our time. The ship-building and engineering industries, even with the low wages they are paying, are unable to stand against foreign competition, and work is steadily going abroad that should be done here. There is so great a surplus of shipyard workers that the percentage of unemployment is higher than in any other industry; and there is so great a shortage of certain classes of craftsmen in the building industry that the solution of the housing problem in a reasonable time is impossible, however industrious the bricklayers, plasterers, carpenters, and others who are available may be."

The situation suggests, we read also, that the unions might weigh very carefully the advice given by a labor leader, J. R. Clynes, in a speech at Leeds, in which he condemned the custom or selfishness which "prevents workmen in many instances from giving fair opportunity either to natural ability or to individual endeavor on the part of workmen who want to make the best of their surroundings." Also he urged that "workmen, if they have to ask employers to be fair to them, must agree to be fair to each other," and this journal believes this is a consideration which might well be followed in an attempt to solve the housing problem.

The Glasgow Labor correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* says that the Weir house is a rather attractive type of bungalow, but he adds that the common name "steel house" is a misnomer, because the greater part of the work is wood. He goes on to explain:

"The steel sheeting is only the outside covering; the inside walls are of composition and boarding which will not be plastered, and the living-room has three-ply wooden panelling for half the height of the walls. The frame of the house is of wood; the roof is of asbestos tiles. The inside fittings are cleverly designed; there are numerous cupboards; the kitchen and bathroom fittings are as good as those of any other small modern dwelling.

"Altogether the houses look serviceable enough in their fresh paint, tho that will have to be kept pretty clean in smoky districts if they are to look well. So far only the one-storyed bungalow has been made, but there is no reason why others should not be built on the two-storey model preferred in England."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO EXPLOSIVES

THE WATER WE DRINK, the tunnels through which we ride, the roads on which we drive our cars, the channels through which the great ships enter our harbors, are being provided for us in these latter years so largely by the use of dynamite and high explosives that it would almost seem that we are making over the face of nature by the process of blasting. And the title, "Blasting a New Face on Nature," used by the writer of a recent discussion of the subject, seems to be justified by what he tells us of the industrial development made possible through the use of explosives, especially their contribution to transportation, water supply, warfare and mining. There comes to mind Kipling's tribute to "The Sons of Martha":

"They say to mountains, 'be ye removed.' They say to the lesser floods 'be dry.'

Under their rods are the rocks reproved; they are not afraid of that which is high.

Then do the hill-tops shake to the summit—then is the bed of the deep laid bare.

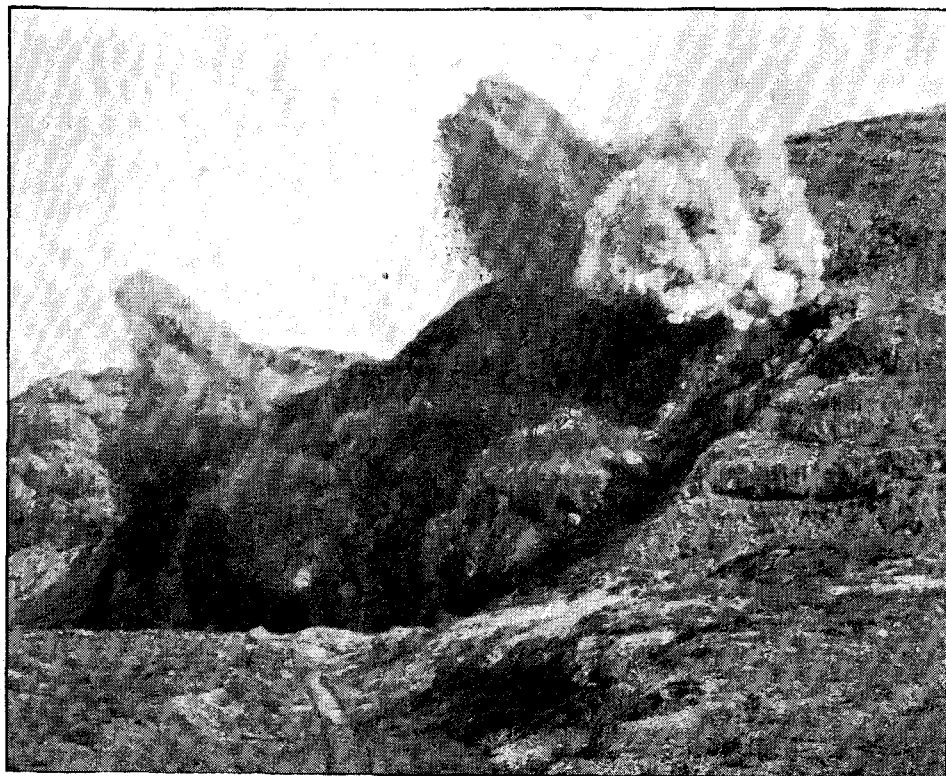
That the Sons of Mary may overcome it, pleasantly sleeping and unaware."

And how do the Sons of Martha remove the mountains, shake the hill-tops to the summit and lay bare the bed of the deep to provide new channels for commerce, except with explosives? In his article, already mentioned, contributed to *The Mining Congress Journal* (Washington, D. C.), Dr. Charles E. Munroe of the National Research Council, reminds us of the more notable recent accomplishments with explosives in highway and railroad building, in canal digging, in tunnel making, in channel clearing, and in war. He makes the observation that a certain explosion of dynamite last year was responsible for what "was probably the largest movement in real estate in California since the earthquake." Dr. Munroe first calls attention to the use of explosives in building new roads, particularly through the wilder and more mountainous parts of our country, many of which, in addition to their scenic values, are giving access to and opening up large areas of land to occupancy and use. As he remarks:

"Among the more important of these roads, one might name the Columbia River Highway, four hundred miles in length, passing through the Cascade range of mountains and disclosing most magnificent scenery; the Pacific Highway, now paved from the Canadian to the Mexican borders, and the Lincoln and Lee Highways, which, when completed, will join the Atlantic with the Pacific. The Needles Highway of South Dakota penetrates the very heart of the hills and opens to public view fourteen miles of unusual needle-like granite formation of unforgettable beauty—a scenic paradise. The Federal Government is distributing many million pounds of surplus war explosives for use in building roads in each of the States.

"From the beginning, railroad-builders have sought to remove obstacles and not to evade them. Hence they have employed explosives with which to cut and fill or, where the overburden was large, to pierce.

"During 1854-1876 the Hoosac Tunnel, 4¼ miles in length, was driven through Hoosac Mountain, Massachusetts. Dynamite was extensively used in this work, and a factory to supply the nitroglycerin was built at North Adams. During 1857 to 1872 a tunnel, 7.6 miles long, was driven through Mt. Cenis, and since then other tunnels have pierced the Alps. To-day work is in progress on the Moffat Tunnel, 6.09 miles in length, to pierce the Continental Divide. It is estimated that over



Photograph by International Newsreel, San Francisco Bureau

A BLAST THAT BROKE THE WORLD'S RECORD

Here is 301,200 pounds of powder blowing 550,000 tons of rock from the side of a mountain 47 miles west of Ogden, Utah, where the Southern Pacific was blasting out rock to maintain fills approaching the Great Salt Lake trestle. But after this explosion a new record was set by the firing of 364,000 pounds of dynamite in a California quarry.

3,000,000 pounds of high explosives and 325,000 detonators will be required in carrying out this project.

"The longest of these transportation tunnels is short when compared with the 31 miles' length of the Croton Aqueduct, or the Shendakin Tunnel in New York's more modern system, 18.1 miles long, and said to be the world's longest continuous tunnel. In irrigation and water-supply projects, explosives play an essential part, not only in the driving of tunnels and general excavation work in difficult earth and rock formations but also in the building of dams. For it is by their use the rock for the base and the materials for the cement is blasted from the quarries and comminuted to workable size.

"These dams, like the Roosevelt and Wilson dams, cause large areas of country to be submerged and artificial lakes to be formed. Through the damming of the streams in the Catskills, to form the Ashokan and the Schoharie reservoirs, storage for 128,000,000 gallons of water has been secured in the first, and for 20,000,000,000 gallons in the second, mentioned reservoir. By

such construction in inhabited regions, large areas of farm lands, long occupied as homes, and even villages disappear."

Ocean transportation also makes its demand on explosives, especially in the removal of obstructions which menace the safety of vessels, and this demand becomes the more urgent with the increase in size, draft and speed of vessels. Dr. Munroe says:

"The United States is perhaps the largest manufacturer and user of explosives. The Bureau of Mines reports that 529,727,859 pounds were used in this country last year. Also this is the country of large blasts. For years charges of 100,000 pounds have not been infrequent. On February 16 last, 301,200 pounds were fired in the Lakeside Quarry of the Southern Pacific Railroad, 47 miles west of Ogden, Utah. On April 27 last, 364,000 pounds of dynamite were fired at the quarry of the Blue Diamond Materials Company, Corona, California. This was probably the largest movement in real estate in California since the earthquake, and this charge of explosives now holds the world's record."

PASTEUR'S TOOLS IN NEW YORK

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, New York City, announces in a recent press bulletin that it has just received three pieces of apparatus which were used by Louis Pasteur with his own hands while he was Dean of the Faculty of Sciences at the University of Lille, from 1854 to 1857. They were sent by Professor Pascal, Dean of the School of Chemistry at that University. By direction of President Butler, they have been turned over to the Chandler Chemical Museum, where they will be displayed as soon as a special case is made ready for them. Explaining the significance of the apparatus, the curator of the museum, Dr. Ellwood Hendrick, is quoted as follows:

"It was at Lille that Pasteur began his work on fermentation, and where he reached the conclusion that this is due to living organisms. This was the first great step, and, indeed, the key to the discovery of bacilli and other living organisms in their relation to disease.

"These simple instruments that any glass-blower could make—a little flask with a long neck, another little flask with a special ground cap and a U-tube with side pieces—take on a new significance when we realize how millions of lives have been saved and hells of suffering avoided by the wisdom, the understanding of nature's ways, reached by the master with these tools in his hand.

"Of what merit would be the sword of Cæsar compared with these precious relics? How much greater was the conquest of Pasteur! Until he studied and pondered and saw the light, we were helpless in the presence of any septic, rotting sore, and didn't know what to do with it.

"The apparatus is such as any tyro in chemistry might use—and break. But consider to what mighty effect the man of vision used them.

"Any one can see that such simple equipment does not make a chemist; that instruments do not, of themselves, swing about like a divining-rod and point to the light of truth, to discovery. Whoever looks at these little tubes and bulbs will also read the words of their erstwhile owner, that 'in the field of observation chance only favors the mind that is prepared.'

"They may inspire the worker in chemistry to prepare his own mind, which no university alone can do for him. They may lead to resolution. They may induce somebody to follow the dictum of Lafcadio Hearn; to 'play God and breathe the breath of life into his work.' That is their significance."



By courtesy of Popular Science Monthly (New York)

THE MACHINE TOOK THE MESSAGE

And the subscriber is now hearing what was said to him over the telephone in his absence. The accompanying article tells how it works.

AN AUTOMATIC SECRETARY

INTERVIEWING CALLERS and answering telephone calls are some of the duties satisfactorily performed by a newly invented machine described by Truman Stevens in *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York, February). This device, Mr. Stevens avers, "performs in a way that is positively uncanny a variety of tasks ordinarily accomplished only by human hands and brains." We read:

"It will take dictation like a stenographer. It will serve as secretary of a meeting or office conference. It will answer the telephone in the absence of the subscriber, report his absence to the caller, and take a message that it will repeat to the subscriber on his return. It will record perfectly a telephone conversation from both ends, no matter how far separated.

"It can be used as a dictograph in criminal or other investigations. It can be hooked up to a radio receiver so that it will record automatically stock-market quotations or similar broadcast messages at the proper time. It can be put to any or all of these uses, or to any others that the ingenuity or necessity of the user may warrant, without change of mechanism.

"In appearance this amazing apparatus resembles somewhat an old-time phonograph, employing cylindrical records, or the ordinary dictating machine to be found in many offices.

Like both of these devices, the new machine records conversations on a wax cylindrical record. Unlike them, however, the recording is accomplished not mechanically, but electrically, the sound vibrations of the voice being transformed into electrical currents in a sort of miniature radio transmitter, containing a vacuum tube and a complicated series of inductances.

"These messages then are imprinted on the record, and are reproduced for the hearer by the usual phonographic process. Through the electrical system of recording an excellent quality of reproduction is attained, the listener hearing the true inflection and tones of the speaker's voice. Also it permits the use of a supersensitive microphone, which enables the user to give dictation in an ordinary conversational tone from twenty feet or more away, and also causes the machine, when it is used for that purpose, to record every word of a conversation in which several persons are taking part, no matter in what parts of a room they are situated.

"By means of auxiliary apparatus a magazine of records may be installed in the machine so that when the end of one is reached, the next automatically starts recording, thus permitting dictation to be given or conversation of any sort to be recorded indefinitely. Each record may be shaved about eighty times before it becomes too thin to be used further. The device may be operated for any of its many uses by either electric-lighting current or by a storage battery or dry cells, like a radio set.

"When the device is employed as a telephone operator, a message suitable for transmission to telephone callers during the absence of the subscriber is imprinted on a small auxiliary record at the left of the large wax cylinder. When a caller obtains the subscriber's number, in the absence of the latter, this little record is set in motion by the current operating the telephone bell, and the caller hears something like this: 'This is the office of Smith & Co. There is no one here at present, but you may leave a message, or you may call again at 2.30 if you prefer.'

"Immediately after the delivery of this message, the machine is ready to record any message the caller may desire to give.

"Used as the recorder of a telephone conversation, the machine starts working automatically the instant the call is put through, and imprints on the record every word uttered by either party. Brokers and others to whom repudiation of a telephoned order by a customer might mean a large financial loss, would find permanent records of their conversations of especial value."

LIFE ON MARS—PERHAPS

THE CLIMATE ON MARS may support mosses and lichens or the trogdolytic animals able to withstand a freezing night and a thawing midday. These are conclusions presented to the American Physical Society by Dr. W. W. Coblentz of the U. S. Bureau of Standards, who with Dr. C. O. Lampland of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona, has measured radiation from this planet and determined its temperatures accurately. As told in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington), it seems that the north pole during the Martian winter has a temperature of 94° below zero, Fahrenheit, and in summer the south pole is 76° below. In the equatorial regions higher temperatures are attained during the day, reaching 41° to 59° Fahrenheit. The integrated temperature of the whole disk is 22° below zero. Dr. Coblentz said—

“What about life on Mars? That depends upon our point of view; whether we think of palm-trees growing in our tropics, or mosses and lichens which grow on the apparently bare piles of volcanic cinders of Arizona and under our arctic snows.

“The foregoing measurements show that for a few hours at noonday on the equator of Mars the surface temperature is not unlike that of Washington on some bright day in March. But consider the exceedingly cold nights and the great daily variation in temperature, amounting to perhaps 180 degrees Fahrenheit. Water is not present on Mars in sufficient quantity to form permanent lakes.

“Hence, with noonday temperatures of only 40 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit, even on the hottest spots on the equator, and with temperatures so low that probably all the water vapor freezes out of the atmosphere at night, it is evident that while vegetable and perhaps animal life appears to be possible on Mars, it must be adapted to withstand prolonged drought and intense cold. Moreover, with such rapid temperature changes, the reactions must be rapid. With most of the surface at arctic temperatures it is reasonable to assume that if vegetable life similar to ours can exist on Mars it must be like the mosses and lichens which thrive under our arctic snows. Similarly, animal life must be trogdolytic, able to burrow deep and hibernate; or able to withstand the intense cold in a benumbed state, as do, for example, the torpid grasshoppers, wasps, and ants one finds on warm days in winter.

“Apparently life on the equatorial region of Mars is a process of thawing out and limbering up in the forenoon and a reversal of the process in the afternoon. On the other hand, in the polar regions where the Martian day is a matter of 8 to 12 terrestrial months, judging from our measurements which are not yet completed, the temperature rise is not as high as on the equator. But, during the long arctic day, temperatures will not be so extreme and living matter will not be subjected to such short periodic changes in activity as occur on the equator. From this it would appear that in the polar regions of Mars the cycle of development, reproduction and death of the living cell is not subjected to the hazards that appear to occur on the equator.

“Prior to our measurements the general opinion prevailed that the temperature of Mars is far below freezing. Now speculation is already rife as to life on this planet.”

A HOUSE ON STILTS

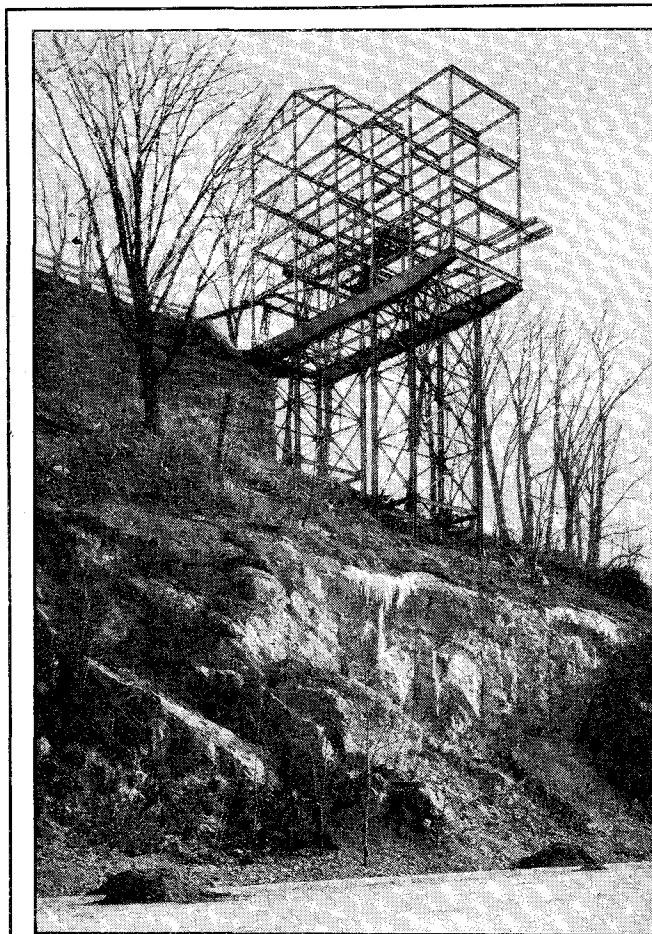
THE ODD-LOOKING STRUCTURE shown in the accompanying view, protruding from the cliffs that border Riverside Drive and 187th Street, New York City, has been attracting the attention of curious passers-by, we are told by a writer in *Gas Logic* (New York). It has been variously described by wondering neighbors as the beginnings of a new bridge across the Hudson, a lighthouse and a hitching-post for dirigibles. Automobilists and pedestrians on the lower levels for several months have marveled at the unusual steel structure which stretches gauntly aloft from the rocky and inhospitable hillside. Its real purpose was impossible to guess, and facetious and fanciful were the purposes ascribed to its builders:

“It has been learned, however, that the mystery is nothing more nor less than the beginnings of a house—a house so remarkable, so different from the every-day run of commonplace houses that it is worthy to take its place in a revolutionary novel of the future by H. G. Wells.

“This new type of home is being erected by Franklin D. Pagan and Harold D. Vernam, architects, for Cleveland Walcutt, a man of pioneer spirit. The house on stilts is his own idea, and altho it presented problems new and difficult to architects, it is being worked out exactly according to his wishes. It will occupy an irregularly shaped lot approximately 100 feet deep by nineteen wide, on the sloping hillside which drops steeply to Riverside Drive. The Drive is far below the retaining-wall which keeps Chittenden Avenue from tumbling down hill and into the river. And it is on a level with Chittenden Avenue that Mr. Walcutt's stilted house is being built.

“Office-building construction, rather than that used in the building of more conventional houses, is being employed throughout for the house on stilts, for the problem of wind pressure on the walls of this high home, exposed on all four sides, had always to be considered. The brick and concrete house, which will be completely fireproof, will rest on a framework almost forty feet high, of strong steel bents or struts, supporting horizontal steel girders. The cellar has an elevation higher than the garret of the ordinary house. It will be divided between a garage and a workshop for Mr. Walcutt and his sons. It has been found unnecessary to apportion any space to furnace and fuel, for the heating throughout is to be done by gas steam radiators. There will never be any arguments in the house on stilts as to waste fuel and the proper degree of heat. Each member of the family may have his room heated just as he wants it by the simple device of applying a match to the gas steam radiator, or turning it off. Cooking and water heating too, will, of course, be done entirely with gas.

“The walls of Mr. Walcutt's giraffe-like mansion are to be double layers of brick, with an air-chamber between, and the treatment inside as well as out is to be of rough brick in a variety of colors and designs. The first floor will have a reception and stair hall, a large combination living- and dining-room, and the kitchen. Above will be the bedrooms and baths, and the roof will be boatlike, with a flat deck finish for part of its surface, and a covered portion to be used as a sleeping-porch. The south side of the house and that facing the river will be so generously



By courtesy of *Gas Logic* (New York)

A HOUSE BUILT LIKE A GIRAFFE

Framework of the Walcutt house on Riverside Drive, New York.

windowed as to be almost entirely of glass, and wide balconies will add to the airy, boatlike effect.

"And so, from their eyrie on the hillside, Mr. Walcutt and his family will enjoy quiet, fresh air and bird's-eye perspective on life, for their rooms will be on a level with the treetops about them. Winter winds will whistle around their walls, but their dwelling will be secure with its steel framework and its steel base, and they will be as warm as it pleases them to be with their up-to-date gas heating. As to views—sunsets and evening stars, and the moon swinging its golden beauty over the dark reaches of the Hudson, and the stern, bastioned splendor of the Palisades across the way—there is many a mountain dweller who could envy them.

"The architects have had no little difficulty in giving Mr. Walcutt what he wants. But—who can tell? This man with ideas of his own, and the power and determination to carry them out, may have set a new mode in cliff-dwelling, 1925 model. It may be that in the not far-distant future many other New Yorkers may find it pleasant to follow his airy example."

MACHINES HAVE NOT DEGRADED LABOR

THERE ARE PROPORTIONATELY more skilled workers in the United States to-day than fifty years ago. The multiplication of machines has not degraded labor; it has merely opened new outlets for mechanical skill. This appears from a comparative study of the occupational censuses of 1870 and 1920 made by Paul W. Brown, editor of *The Executive's Magazine*, formerly *America at Work* (St. Louis). Mr. Brown believes that it is time for some one to explode the myth of the degradation of the skilled laborer through the increasing use of machinery in modern industry. As a matter of fact, he says, the unskilled worker of to-day is not the son or grandson of the skilled workman of 1870. He writes:

"The year 1870 witnessed the taking of the first real occupations census by the Federal Government. It is an easy matter, therefore, to divide the number of skilled workmen in the different trades by the number of millions of people, to do the same for the census of 1920, and thus place before our eyes a complete picture of the effect of modern industry upon the development of the individual skilled workman.

"The carrying out of this plan blows to shivers the myth of the degradation of the skilled worker by the introduction of the automatic machine. The number of skilled workers has substantially increased. This statement is based on an examination of seven of the principal building groups; five of the leading woodworking shop trades; seven of the leading groups in the iron and steel trades, beside three trades not readily classifiable—stationary engineers, engravers and bakers. The workers in these various groups show 25,149 skilled men per million in 1870 as against 30,739 skilled men in 1920. In relation to the population, the number of skilled workers of these groups in the United States increased 22 per cent. in the fifty years.

"During the fifty years the nation has made a great change in its use of raw materials. All framed buildings in 1870 had wooden frames; to-day the mightiest structures we have are built up on frames of steel, or of concrete with steel reinforcement. The nation in 1870 rode and hauled its loads in wooden wagons and carriages, with incidental iron work. To-day its riding and hauling is done by automobiles and trucks made of steel and other metals with a little incidental woodwork. Whole cities in 1870 were built exclusively of wood; to-day permanent walls of brick, concrete and—in greatly lessened proportion—stone have replaced these earlier wooden structures.

"It is, therefore, no surprise to find that the principal woodworking shop crafts have fallen off from 3,987 per million to 925. The tremendous falling off in the number of wheelwrights—from 543 per million to 35—is an actual instance of the machine displacing the man; so, also, is the change from 1,111 cabinetmakers to 430 per million; but the decrease of coopers from 1,083 per million to 180 reflects in large measure the substitution of other containers for the universal wooden barrel of 1870. Upholsterers have almost doubled—a suggestive commentary on the tremendous increase in the number of people able to afford stuffed furniture."

When we turn to the building trades we find the number of skilled men increased 12.4 per cent.—from 12,834 per million in

1870 to 14,428 in 1920. The carpenters have almost held their own. The plasterers have fallen off almost one-third. Marble and stonecutters have greatly decreased. Stone is to-day cut by machine, and for all except the finer uses concrete is superseding it. But plumbers have gone up from 209 per million to 1,955—an increase of almost ten times over. Humanity has discovered the bathtub—and also the folly of making women carry water. The electrician, undreamed of in 1870, has increased until he numbered 2,015 per million in 1920. Mr. Brown continues:

"Machinists increased during the fifty years 6,166 per million—a gain twice as great as the entire loss on the five woodworking shop crafts. True, the screws, bolts, and other standard machine supplies which were made by skilled craftsmen in 1870 are now manufactured on automatic machines—but this is merely a detail of the movement which has multiplied the service of mankind by machinery many times over. Not only has the modern home fifty devices involving the work of the machine shop, the forge shop and the foundry of which the men and women of 1870 did not dream, from the automobile to the aluminum cooking pan; but the substitution of the machine for the common laborer throughout industry is one of the signs of the times. To-day the steam shovel digs cellars; the chain-bucket excavator makes ditches; the automatic car dumper unloads coal; special devices ballast railroads with gravel or crushed rock—work that used to employ hundreds of men on every construction train. The banana that appears on the breakfast table was loaded and unloaded by machinery; even the milk in the bottle was drawn from the cow by a milking machine and then sterilized and bottled without the intervention of a human hand. This is a machine-driven and machine-served world.

"No wonder, then, that the multiplication of the number of machinists by more than five has been accompanied by the increase of pattern makers more than twice over and of boiler-makers nearly four times. Blacksmiths have decreased; the iron work of the wagon of 1870 was all made by the blacksmiths, except the bearings of the wheels, whereas the automobile of to-day is almost entirely a product of the machine shop. Tinsmiths and coppersmiths—makers of pots and pans in 1870—also diminished in numbers more than one-eighth. Modern kitchenware is made of enameled prest steel and aluminum, and sheet-metal workers have turned to other tasks.

"In the fifty year period the number of bakers increased about one-fourth. Much automatic machinery to help the baker has gone into use—but meanwhile milady has stopt baking bread at home. The increase of more than one-third in the number of engravers reflects the growing means and taste of a wealthy nation. The transition from handwork to the abundant use of mechanical powers is reflected not only in the tremendous increase in the number of boiler-makers already noted, but still more in the fact that the number of stationary steam engineers per million in 1920—2,649—was three times the number of engineers and firemen taken together in 1870—888.

"No doubt the skill of the American craftsman averages much higher to-day than it did fifty years ago. Take the stationary engineer, for example; in 1870 the engines were small and simple affairs, while to-day the engineer usually has to care for and supervise one or all of a group of complex devices, including dynamos, ventilating fans, steam heating systems, air compressors and refrigerating machines. The trades that have been born—structural steel workers and electricians, for example—are of infinitely greater complexity than those which have almost disappeared, such as coopers and wheelwrights. And the modern machinist works to ten-thousandths of an inch, where his father worked to hundredths or thousandths.

"The modern industrial nations have learned how to make machines do the work of skilled men only to set these skilled men at new tasks requiring greater dexterity of hand and a wider comprehension of mechanical principles. The man who stands by the automatic machine to-day is not the son or grandson of the skilled craftsman of 1870; his ancestor at that period was shoveling in the street under a broiling sun, or tugging at steel bars in a rolling mill, or doing back-breaking work in the field, now done by high power implements drawn by horses or tractors. Modern industry has not degraded the skilled workman; it has only enlarged and exalted his opportunity. The census of 1870 showed 25,066 human beings per million doing work as domestic servants, while in 1920 that number stood at but 12,023. The modern machine has added to, not subtracted from, the dignity of man and the height of his calling."

PAYING CONVICTS TO BUILD ROADS

UNDER A STATE LAW passed in 1923, the State Highway Commission of California has paid convicts a day rate for work on State roads; thereby greatly benefiting the prisoners, substantially reducing the cost of maintaining the State prisons, without increasing the cost of highway construction. This action is called by a writer in *The Highway Magazine* (Chicago), "one of the most interesting experiments in criminology in recent years." While the employment of prison labor in State highway construction in California is not new, the granting of compensation is an authorization of the legislature of 1923. The present law has been in force since August, of last year, and is believed to be the first of its kind enacted in the United States. We read:

"Since the new pay law went into effect, some 850 men have gone through the three camps, now in operation, and have made net earnings of approximately \$34,000. Of this sum \$5,000 has been allotted to dependents.

"This has been done without any extra cost to the State highway commission, as the cost of operating the camps is no greater now than prior to the passage of the pay law, the money earned by the men representing economies effected in camp operation and management under the new plan.

"The law provides that the commission may pay the men a maximum of \$2.50 per day. Studies showed that it was costing the commission \$2.10 a day to keep the men at work under the former law, and this figure was set as the wage to be paid.

"Against this daily wage of \$2.10 the law directs the commission to charge the cost of transportation, meals, clothing, medical and dental care, camp management, guarding, payment of rewards, and the cost of small tools. When this has been deducted, the prisoner is permitted to retain a maximum of seventy-five cents per day, provided he can save that much. A review of camp reports indicates that many of the prisoners are making the maximum permissible under the law. In recent weeks the average earning has been on the increase, and is now around fifty cents a day.

"Every man starts out obligated to the commission. Upon his arrival in camp, he is advanced an outfit of clothing, bedding, etc. This starts him off \$30 to \$40 in debt. If he is industrious, he gradually cuts down his indebtedness and begins to pile up a surplus which is his when he is discharged or paroled. Some of the men already have earnings of more than \$200, which will be theirs when they are released. Under the old system, upon discharge, a man left the prison with a suit of clothing and \$5.

"Many are taking advantage of the new pay law to have needed dental work done. Others are having their eyes tested and glasses fitted against the day when they will be free.

"The prison road camps are honor camps in every sense of the word. The man in prison must make a voluntary application, backed by a good-conduct record, to get a chance to go to the camps. When he gets there, every two days he works cuts an additional day from his sentence. Good conduct and willing work in the camps have great weight with the Board of Prison Directors in granting paroles.

"A reward of \$200 is allowed by law for the capture of men escaping from the road camps, and is prorated against the earnings of the men in the camp at the time of the escape. Few leave, however, altho escape is not impossible under the conditions prevailing. Most of those who try to get away are soon caught and taken back to prison, with all their earnings and credits lost. Once in a while a man goes back voluntarily, but not often.

"Under the law, all forfeitures go into the Prisoners' Fund for educational and recreational work in the road camps.

"The turnover in the camps averages about 8 per cent. This is one of the important factors in the success of the movement. A free-labor camp in the remote mountain sections in which the prisoners' work probably would have a labor turnover of 40 to 50 per cent. Experience has shown that it is difficult to get free labor to remain for any length of time on these jobs.

"The law provides that all skilled labor must be performed by free-men, and strict adherence to the law is the rule of the highway commission. Bridge-builders, steam-shovel operators, truck-drivers and the like are free men in the prison road camps.

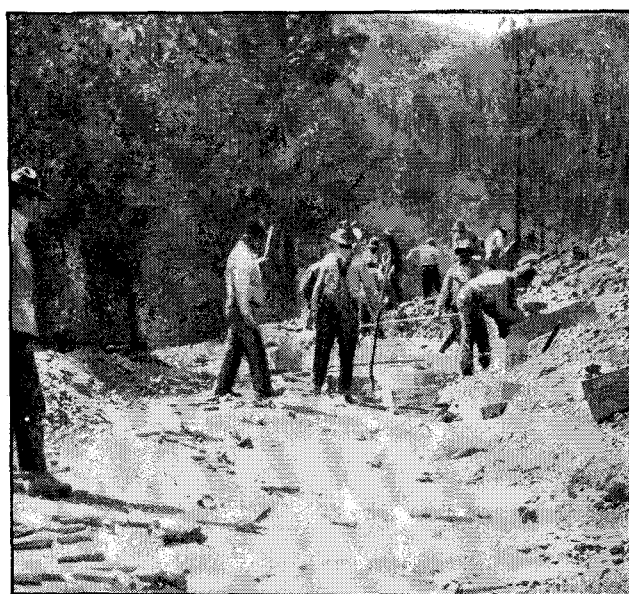
"There can be no question of the value of the prison road camp from the standpoint of the prisoner. The man earns his way, builds up his self-respect, and is discharged physically fit to face the world.

"While it can not yet be claimed that the plan is reducing the cost of State highway work in California, it is bringing about a saving to the State in the cost of maintaining the State prisons.

"When a man leaves for the road camp, the prison is immediately relieved of the expense of his confinement. Authority over the man, as regards discipline, remains with the prison, but the cost of his transportation to the camp, the salaries of the guards furnished by the prison, as well as all other expenses of the camps, are borne by the highway commission."

DO VOLCANOES RUN BY STEAM-POWER?

VOLCANOES AND BOILERS blow up from the same cause—too much steam pressure; volcanoes are not "safety valves" to the molten interior of the earth, for the earth's interior is not molten; the lakes of boiling lava in volcanic craters are hotter at the surface than they are in their depths.



Courtesy of *The Highway Magazine* (Chicago)

THESE CONVICTS RECEIVE REGULAR WAGES

"The man earns his way, builds up his self-respect, and is discharged physically fit to face the world."

These and similar astonishing statements, in some cases reversing accepted ideas, were made recently before the American Association for the Advancement of Science by Dr. Arthur L. Day, director of the geophysical laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington and expert on volcanism. We read in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"The data and observations on which Dr. Day based his statements were gathered in volcanic regions all over the globe, but attention had been centered especially on two fire-mountains: huge Kilauea in Hawaii, and Mt. Lassen in California, the only active volcano in the United States proper. The former was studied as a laboratory of lava reactions, and the latter for the lessons of its peculiarly explosive eruption of nine years ago. At Kilauea it was found that the surface temperature of the lava lake was variable, rising as high as 1,185 degrees Centigrade, or 2,165 degrees Fahrenheit. Twenty feet below the surface, the temperature was 100 degrees Centigrade lower. Dr. Day is of the opinion that this peculiar effect, which is the reverse of what would naturally be expected, is due to the chemical reactions of the gases that bubble through the lava, giving off heat as they unite and rise.

"The Lassen eruption of 1915, as well as the lesser eruptions that have occurred from time to time since then, appears to have been due mainly to a great steam explosion. Dr. Day believes the water for the generation of this steam came from the lava itself. Molten rock, he found in laboratory experiments, can dissolve considerable water in itself, but as it cools and crystallizes the water is given off again and turned into steam."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

A NEW AMERICAN STAR AT THE OPERA

NOT SINCE THE DAYS OF LILLIAN NORDICA has an American heard such thunders of applause bestowed by a Metropolitan audience as fell to the lot of Lawrence Tibbett in the part of *Ford* in Boito's "*Falstaff*." It was the first performance, and a revival especially designed for the glory of that old favorite, Mr. Scotti, in the name part. But somehow the performance of Mr. Tibbett in the second act, temporarily, at least, suspended the memory of everything else that had gone before it, and the audience demanded that a pause be made while they rejoiced that a new star had arisen. Mr. Tibbett is a Californian of twenty-eight, has never been in Europe, tho Europe's training has been brought to him. It is said with excess of patriotism that music students can get all they need here, which Mr. Tibbett's case seems to prove; but Mr. H. I. Brock in reviewing his case in the *New York Times* gives credit also to three who are products of Europe's musical culture: Mr. Gatti-Casazza, manager at the opera, Mr. von Wymetal, the stage director, imported from the Vienna opera, who coached him, and Mr. Serafin, the conductor, "who worked with him in the same painstaking fashion over every note." Which goes to show that singers are rarely creators of the effects they produce on the stage. In the *New York Times Magazine*, Mr. Brock particularizes:

"That this is true does not subtract from the Californian's extraordinary achievement. Every other artist, big and little, on that stage is similarly coached and drilled by Europeans who know how and are brought over here because they do know how. But Mr. Tibbett is the first American—indeed, the first member of the company since Jeritza's memorable triumph in '*Tosca*'—who has been able to get over to the house in so unmistakable a fashion what he was there to get over. Incidentally Jeritza also was trained by von Wymetal.

"It may be admitted that Tibbett was fortunate in his opera. In singing the part of *Ford*, who feared that his wife was no better than she should be, he had to use the full power of his voice in only one scene. And it is very important that a young baritone's voice should not be overtaxed. Had the part been, say, that of *Iago*, in another opera dealing with a suspicious husband, *Otello*, he might not have been able to carry through. But the very selection of the part, which was the direct action of Mr. Gatti, indicates the willingness to give an American in that cosmopolitan assemblage of talent the fair chance to which he is entitled.

"As about half the women in the company and nearly one-

third of the men are Americans, and as the proportion of Americans has been for some years steadily growing, the success of one of the younger Americans was becoming a mathematically predictable thing. The only questions were when and which one.

"Tibbett has got there first, so far, at least, as enthusiastic public and adequate critical recognition in one first-rate part counts as success. Mr. Serafin, whose admirable qualities as conductor are undisputed, says he has '*du talent, bonne volonté, une belle voix*'—that is to say, ability, willingness to work and learn, and a fine voice. In these gifts and in careful handling of them by the men who know both his powers and his limitations, lie the main factors that will determine the young singer's future. His qualities as an artist and his engaging personality are acknowledged ungrudgingly by those who must of necessity be his most informed critics. They are the men who have watched over every step of his recent progress."

People rush to the opera now to see a repetition of this miracle, and they get a spectacle only a little less florid. But it is the audience that has regained more of its composure. Mr. Brock points out that ever since Caruso's death, the musical public has "been looking anxiously for something that projected sharply above the high-level monotony of routine excellence which the Metropolitan performances have provided." The Jeritza furore came after a well-advertised preparation.

"Here was something of the public's own flesh and blood and its own discovery. Clearly it was time to let loose the shouting." Of the hero of the episode we read:

"Plain Lawrence Tibbett came out of the West, but not in the least like *Lochinvar*. His West was a small, if booming, oil town in California, and he arrived by way of such prosaic stepping-stones as high-school glee clubs and dramatic societies in Los Angeles, light operatic and concert work in the lesser cities of the Pacific coast and—a church choir in suburban New Rochelle. An all-American product.

"This long-legged, long-necked young man of twenty-seven or twenty-eight years was born in Bakersfield, distant something over one hundred miles from the city that the movies have made famous. He was taken to Los Angeles when he was seven years old and was educated in the public schools there. He sang as a boy to amuse the guests of the family, and at the Manual Arts High School was active in theatricals and in the Glee Club. When he left school he went upon a brief and, financially, not successful tour of Shakespearean performances with Tyrone Power. And he sang with locally recruited light-opera organizations.

"His stage career—as yet only semi-professional—was inter-



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"HE STOPPED THE SHOW"

Lawrence Tibbett as *Ford* in Boito's "*Falstaff*" who, for the first time since Jeritza's *Tosca*, jarred the house from its placid calm.

rupted by the war, which interrupted so many careers. What happened to him, he explains with a deprecating grin, was that he was dumped aboard a naval training-ship called the *Iris*, which cruised harmlessly along the California coast. There, fantastically, he found himself instructor in seamanship, tho he was no seaman, and only knew a little about rowing and 'how to tie knots.'

"His sea duty done, he married and went on with his singing and acting—this time making it a source of livelihood. He joined the California Opera Company and sang, among other things not so good, 'The Mikado' and 'Patience.' The result—and greatly to his credit—was that he became a Gilbert and Sullivan fan, and so continues. The disease is, of course, almost always incurable. But his Gilbertian career upon the sea had prepared his downfall. He sang also in 'The Firefly' and 'The Fortune Teller,' and exercised his voice upon concert platforms in cities as far north as Oregon. Then, chiefly, as he says, by advice of Rupert Hughes, he came straight to New York, instead of going first to Europe and arriving here 'round about'—as they say in 'Peer Gynt.'"

Mr. Brock throws out some useful hints about opera to those over-patriotic souls who gird at the extra-foreign nomenclature of the personnel at the Metropolitan:

"As has been said, the raw material—if MM. and Mmes. les artistes will pardon the rude term—the raw material—the singers—are now nearly half of them Americans, tho not always of American ancestry. The technical staff—conductors, stage managers—the people generally whose specialty it is to know how, are still Europeans. The problems of assembling and organizing an opera into a production before the public are extremely complex, and the transformation of a lot of singing people of all ranks into a musical and dramatic whole, in right rhythm and tempo with the orchestra, is one that requires a fearful lot of pulling and hauling—a terrifying amount of hard drill in voice and action—a literal molding and mechanizing and galvanizing of individuals, few of whom have more than a remote idea of the effect at which the director is driving, and of which their own performance is a necessary part.

"In this respect, singers—as Mr. von Wymetal points out—are more difficult to handle than actors; because singers are selected for the prime requisite of voice, and usually are trained as voices only. Whereas, actors are—or are supposed to be—trained in the whole acting equipment, which includes all the body, not merely the organs of speech. Von Wymetal acknowledges the accomplishment in the case of *Ford*. . . .

"Notoriously, Americans taken individually are not particularly amenable to discipline. But Americans taken in mass are different. Teamwork is our national hobby and specialty, in sport as in business. The war showed that a group of average American young men of miscellaneous racial origin and widely varied occupation could be transformed into a military machine in a shorter time than a European group seemingly much more homogeneous.

"Mr. von Wymetal finds the same thing true of the Metropolitan Opera chorus. Their enthusiasm for work, their willingness and ability to learn, their response to discipline, their steadiness and all-around dependability, as it were, under fire, command, he says, his highest respect."

For the sake of the record, we let Mr. Gilman of *The Herald Tribune* describe the event itself:

"Tho Mr. Scotti was the dominant figure in the cast, it must be recorded that it was a young and relatively obscure American singer who walked away with the chief honors last night. Indeed, he succeeded in stopping the show. This unheard-of deed was accomplished by Mr. Lawrence Tibbett, the youthful California baritone who joined the Metropolitan ranks last season. He was the *Ford* of last night's cast, and his magnetic and authoritative performance in the Inn scene of the second act took the audience completely captive. After the curtain had fallen on the scene they kept up a tornado of applause, shouts, whistles and catcalls, paying no attention whatsoever to the fact that Mr. Serafin was politely impatient to get on with the next scene, and that the modest Mr. Tibbett quite evidently did not want to get in between the limelight and Mr. Scotti and take a curtain call alone.

"But his compatriots would not let him off (for this was no claqué-born riot, but honest American enthusiasm). And so, finally, Mr. Tibbett showed himself alone before the yellow curtains, the audience split the roof, and then the show proceeded."

AUSTRALIA IN A LOOKING-GLASS

YOUNG OR YOUNGER countries do not like to be ignored. Neither do they like to be spoken of ill or slightly. Older countries are too old to care. Australia is in a state out of which it may be questioned if we have emerged. What do they think of us abroad? What does the visiting foreigner not yet off the boat think of New York? The associate editor of *The Triad* (Sydney), which calls itself the "national journal of Australia and New Zealand," remarks that a few months ago he "grew rather tired of reading supercilious references to Australia and the Australians in English and American newspaper periodicals." So he thought of a way of seeing his country in a mirror. And the mirror is no less than "literary people, who should be the best informed people in the world." "I'll write and ask them what they really think of Australia"; and one wonders if he is not well content with his revenge. "So letters were sent to representative literary people in England and America, and they were asked to tell Australia through *The Triad* "(a) What name or names first occurred to their minds when Australia was mentioned? (b) Why?" The Christmas number gives a batch of the replies, from which we can quote only a selection, but sufficient perhaps to afford a cinematographic view of the "literary" mind. We begin with the answer of John Masefield, tho he does not head the list in *The Triad*. Could Australia have a finer tribute?:

"I thank you for your letter. The names which occur to me when Australia is mentioned are: (a) Anzac; (b) Lone Pine; (c) Pozières."

Equally laconic but dubiously flattering is that of G. B. Shaw:

"What name occurs to my mind when Australia happens to be mentioned? My uncle's. He emigrated there. Why? Why not?"

Arnold Bennett perhaps had much on his mind that day, so replied:

"I am much obliged for your letter and the copy of *The Triad*. The answers to your two questions are as follows: (a) Sydney; (b) Because of its newspapers. Cordially yours."

Hillaire Belloc takes a shy at British education:

"(a) Captain Cook.

"(b) Because the sons of well-to-do families in England are taught a few scraps of history, but nothing about the contemporary world:

Granville Barker, actor, manager and dramatist, and also gentleman in the epistolary style, answers:

"Before the war, when Australia was mentioned, I thought of a six weeks' journey and saw a map of the continent that school-boys prefer to draw because it is the easiest to remember.

"Since the war, when Australia is mentioned, I see a tall, bronzed, thin uniformed figure standing rather forlornly at any London street corner. And I think of a long talk I had in the train with a West Australian farmer who, having fought four years in Europe as well as men have ever fought in the world's history, wanted to get home again. So I knew it must be a home worth having."

Some of the letters mention Australian literary names like Rolf Baldrewood and Henry Lawson and Adam Lindsay Gordon. Then the author of "Limehouse Nights" mingles "sheep, the Sydney *Morning Herald*, beachcombers, bush, Norman Lindsay and Melba," while our own Augustus Thomas produces William the theatrical manager, Fitzsimmons, the prize-fighter, and Nat Goodwin, who produced Thomas's plays there. Another American, Mr. H. L. Mencken, whom the *Triad's* editor pays the high tribute of "the greatest literary critic alive to-day,"

furnishes a reply that will interest his admirers as well as those of Premier Hughes and President Coolidge:

"To your questions:

"1. That of Hughes, the War Premier.

"2. He seems to be a political mountebank of the true American type, almost worthy to be classed with Coolidge."

Finally, there is Dorothy Canfield Fisher, who unburdens a half-continent of good-will:

"I'm taking you at your word, that you really wish the very



MARCHBANKS WITH CANDIDA

Who helps her home from the station, tho not with the heaviest load. Richard Bird and Katharine Cornell play these parts

first ideas that come into my mind at the mention of Australia. Here are the two pictures; first, the splendid, great, swinging Australian soldiers I saw so often and admired so much in France during the war. I think those tall, rangy, keen-faced, powerful, friendly young men really mean Australia to me more than anything else. I think all Americans felt drawn to them, felt an instinctive liking at the very first glimpse of them.

"Next (I'm saying just what flashes into my mind when Australia is spoken of), I think of the Australian tennis-players, who are so much admired here, who seem to us to show all the English good qualities of good sports, without the . . . how shall I put it tactfully? . . . the Britishisms which occasionally rub Americans the wrong way. The hearty good-will which the Australian players leave after them is a delight.

"I know, of course, that I ought to think first of serious-minded things, like the Labor question in Australia, or the perfections of the Government of New Zealand (all Americans have a naive idea that Utopia has been found in New Zealand, and we are all brought up on statistics, showing how much better the health rate is in Australia than in our own country, how much lower the crime-rate is, etc., etc.). Yes, yes, I know well enough that New Zealand is a Dominion, but the sentence above is too characteristic of the mixed state of mind of Americans not to keep intact. In fact, New Zealand is one of the names which come to our minds when Australia is mentioned. I know I ought to mention Mr. Hughes (whose personality did make a lasting impression on our national mind, both for those who admired him and for those who disapproved of him), and other Australian celebrities. But the honest truth is that the soldiers and the tennis-players always come first, with a rush of admiration and what

I hope they wouldn't mind my saying is like a sort of family pride in them. And as for blackfellows whom you mention in your letter as a characteristic notion of Americans about Australia, I think you're quite mistaken. Perhaps English people and Europeans may think of blackfellows when Australia is mentioned, but we have been too much in the same situation ourselves not to know better. We have all been asked by Europeans if we don't find it trying to have to carry a gun when we go out walking to protect ourselves against the Indians, and I remember very well when I was a little girl in France, the other little girls asking me if I were afraid of the buffaloes! No, we have instinctively a good notion that blackfellows don't play a large part in Australian life!

"Do you want one more bit of news about how we feel about Australia? It's this: All the Americans I know look eagerly at every cartoon from Australian newspapers which gets copied into one of our own, to see what Australians are feeling about us; and always feel immensely cheered up if we find some indication that Uncle Sam is not regarded solely as a hypocritical old gentleman with long front teeth, bent on getting all the money in the world away from the people it really belongs to. Any friendly note from Australia gives us the greatest pleasure and cheer."

THE ACTING IN "CANDIDA"

ACTING WAS TO BE EXPECTED from an Actors' Theater, if from anywhere. And expectations are not disappointed in the actors' revival of "Candida." This play, which opened the Shaw dynasty with us twenty-one years ago, has been made familiar by reading and acting here and there ever since, but it may be questioned if it has been so galvanized as in the present production. Also, we have the novel spectacle of the critics becoming almost violent with each other over the acting merits of the new production. Those who approved at the outset go on sounding their approval and berating the recalcitrants who, to cover their original mistake, take to writing disquisitions on the art of acting. All of which is very much to the good of the play's success, and it quickly stepped out of the special matinée class into the regular nightly bill of the 48th Street Theater. The outstanding performances are Clare Eames as *Prossy*; Richard Bird as *Marchbanks* and Katharine Cornell as *Candida*. Mr. Metcalfe, of *The Wall Street Journal*, who is one of the older of the critics with well-stored memories, looks upon the "artistic triumph" of this production as the justification of "the usefulness of the Actors' Theater":

"Recollection is still vivid of the first presentation of the play almost twenty years ago under the auspices of Mr. Arnold Daly and with him in the rôle of the youthful poet, *Eugene Marchbanks*. Then it made a deep impression as a play, and the acting seemed adequate. After the performance Friday afternoon it seemed as tho the earlier one must have been witnessed with ears half deaf and eyes half closed. The perfections observed in this rendering refute the belief that years dull the perceptions.

"It is enough to say of 'Candida' that it represents Mr. Shaw in the days before he had become completely autocratic, altho his wit was fully developed. The characters are the play, and to describe in detail their embodiment by this perfect cast would be to sum up the total, except the admirable staging done by Mr. Dudley Digges. It is impossible to think of any contemporary artist who could have brought to the title part the qualities that made Miss Katharine Cornell as this *Candida*, at once so gentle and endearing, yet understanding and dominant. Miss Cornell brought out the sensitive and spiritual nature of the clergyman's wife in a way to show why there was no resistance to her control of others. She ruled because she felt and knew. Mr. Richard Bird by his remarkable ability in facial and bodily expression made clear the complex and neurotic *Marchbanks*. At the closest range it was impossible to detect an instant's lapse from the personality he pretended. Mr. De Cordoba has never done better work than as *Morell*, the clergyman husband. Naturally and without exaggeration he made entirely unnecessary the sneering pointing out of his pulpit manner which Mr. Shaw puts repeatedly into the poet's speeches. Miss Clare Eames reveled in the opportunities of *Prossy*. She was unmistakably British, a clergyman's typist and a sexless spinster, except in that artistically revealing moment when she showed that she was a woman. Mr. Cossart and Mr. Hamer brought to their character parts,

besides fine constructive work, heroic repression of the temptation to play for points and overact."

Mr. Woolcott, of the New York *Sun*, alines himself with Mr. Metcalfe in saying that "not often in the theater have I seen a fine and familiar rôle so completely realized as is the rôle of *Eugene Marchbanks* in the beautiful performance of Richard Bird. Save only the ringing truth of Pauline Lord's playing in 'They Knew What They Wanted,' I have seen no work by any player in New York this season which I relished so much." Because the *World's* critic did not join the chorus of approval, Mr. Woolcott went to a second hearing to have "stirred only a greater wonder at the scattered few who are tone deaf to the truth and the understanding and the ringing eloquence of Richard Bird's performance of *Eugene Marchbanks*." Whereupon Mr. Broun, the critic evidently aimed at, jumps from his theater column to his larger oracle, "It Seems to Me," to discuss acting and to give the palm to Miss Cornell:

"Whenever an actor becomes too much preoccupied with external detail, he is for the moment lost to greatness. He will then palm off upon his audience some casual tie of the character and lose the soul of the man whom he has undertaken to create. I am not at all sure that novelists are not injured by the same failing. The author who is ever so much concerned with the appearance of all the people in his story will seldom have the time or the intuition to tell us much about them.

"I think I like best the books in which the outlines of the men and women are a little blurred. And it is better if the sky is tilted across the top of the scene. The trees should be just so many shapes glowering along the roadway. When a book begins with a complete tally and a precise description of the old oaks beside the manor house of the hero, I know it is not my story.

"Every now and then a producer with a new melodrama implores the critics not to reveal to their readers the solution of the mystery. I went to see 'Candida' for the second time yesterday, and I did know the story even before then. I found that it made no difference. A great play does not depend upon any suspense based merely upon a lack of foreknowledge. As the play edged into its final scene for three and *Candida's* decision impended, I was excited all over again. It seemed to me that this was happening for the first time. For all I knew, *Candida* might reverse her decision of the previous afternoon and choose *Marchbanks*.

"Why not? She was no paltry trooper in the army of the predestined. Shaw was much too far away to hold her in the ranks if she were moved by some sudden impulse to follow beauty ruthlessly and leave behind her the pitiful clerical child. I did not even have any sense that Miss Katharine Cornell had done all this in front of me before. There was no gesture, no tone of voice, which stood out so that I was struck with the memory, 'Oh, yes, I caught that. It was done like that last Friday.'

"I assume that the performance is set, but each time Miss Cornell creates it all over again. The fineness of her work depends upon the fact that it is so carefully divorced from any one or two significant gestures or markedly premeditated tones of voice. The character is created out of smaller substances which are wholly undetected by the conscious mind. And so the spectator loses all thought about any single effect as he marvels at the miracle of seeing a human being come to life completely. The *Marchbanks* of Bird is better than at the opening performance. It has become a shade less agitated."

Mr. Woolcott supplies some history:

"'Candida' was first produced in 1897 by a repertory company touring the English provinces, and when London saw it in 1900, it was a private performance given furtively behind closed doors. In 1903 it was produced in New York by Arnold Daly, whose partner was an enthusiastic and flagrantly unsuccessful young adventurer in the theater named Winchell Smith. Daly, in quest of a *Candida*, called Dorothy Donnelly on the telephone and told her he wanted to discuss the play with her. She had read it, of course, he ventured, tentatively. Oh, certainly, averred the bright, if somewhat mendacious, Miss Donnelly. Then could he come around at once? Well, no, her calendar for that day was full. But she would save the next day for him. As soon as he had hung up she gathered a raincoat around her, pattered through the winter storm to Brentano's, bought the 'Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant' and, by the time Daly called next day, 'Candida' was just a dear, old favorite of hers which

she had always wanted to play. This was the first cast: *Marchbanks*, Arnold Daly; *Candida*, Dorothy Donnelly; *Morel*, J. E. Dodson; *Burgess*, Herbert Standing; *Prossy*, Louise Closser Hale; *Lexy Mill*, Ernest Lawford."



PROSSY SHOWS SYMPTOMS OF HER "COMPLAINT"

The techy stenographer takes it out of her associates, including *Lexy* the curate, on account of her "repressed" love for *Candida's* husband. These are Clare Eames and Gerald Hamer.

BLAME IT ON THE PRINTER—Not all the sins of orthography can be laid to the printer. When Horace Greeley saw that he had been made to quote Shakespeare to the effect that "'tis two 'tis fifty; fifty 'tis 'tis two" thus turning to nonsense *Polonius's* sage, "'Tis true 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true," he rushed to the composing-room to meet an obdurate Scots printer who recommended him to attend night school and learn to write. To-day the typesetter has the convenient excuse that the machine is to blame. The London *Sphere* gathers up some of these lapses:

"A friend was complaining to me the other day of his difficulties in making speeches, and I gave him a few of the examples of 'opening' which after a long life of public banquets I had heard at such gatherings. Here are some examples of the kind of thing you may hear if you go to one particular kind of function, that at which printers and their friends foregather. You must trot out all the printers' errors of which you have ever heard, as, for example: In 'English Utilitarian,' by Leslie Stephen, the index has got the words: 'Hell, John Stuart Mill will go to.' A reference to the fact that Coleridge had no outlets for his spiritual energy was altered into—

Coleridge had no outlets for his spiritual energy.

There is a story of a German printer's wife who surreptitiously altered the passage that her husband should be (Herr) lord so as to make him be her fool. Perhaps the best of all printers' errors was that in which a printer had to announce to the world that intoxication is folly, and altered it into the more genial statement that 'intoxication is jolly.' Theodore Beza was stated to have gone to sea in a Candian vessel. The printer altered this to 'Canadian' vessel. There is also that reference to the 'battle-scarred warrior,' which became 'bottle-scarred warrior!'

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

TO BUILD AMERICA'S GREATEST CATHEDRAL

NEW YORK is now being vigorously stirred by the campaign to complete the Protestant-Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Nearly a hundred years ago, it is recorded in the famous diary of Philip Hone, a prosperous merchant in New York, Bishop John Henry Hobart dreamed of an imposing structure dedicated to God. "But where is the money, where the public spirit, where the liberality, to carry such a noble plan into execution?" the diarist asked himself. New York is giving the answer. A little boy sends in his capital of three cents; bankers give thousands; denominations are forgotten. A Catholic policeman gives \$10; Governor Smith, another Catholic, sends \$100; Jews write checks in five figures. Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Unitarians—all—are glad to give. Fifteen thousand people of all creeds and national origins crowd into Madison Square Garden to hear the story of the cathedral and how it is to be built, and 5,000 people are left out in the cold. While the meeting was in progress, Harriet R. Stokes, of Douglaston, Long Island, who had heard the speeches over the radio, sent in a donation of \$10, and a radio audience of the Employed Boys' Brotherhood of the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A. sent in \$50. The police band, which played hymns for the occasion, contributed \$100 on the spot. A congratulatory message was received from President Coolidge. All this, remarks the *New York World*, means that the edifice will be "a community undertaking, really a cathedral and not merely a big church." The Seven Chapels of Tongues, the Apse, the Choir and the Crossing represent the years that have passed since ground was broken in 1892. Now, we are told, one of the magnificent cathedrals of the world, the equal of Europe's best, will grow out of that crowded meeting if all the prophecies of the speakers are fulfilled. The good wishes and the active support of the Church in its broadest interdenominational sense, of business, education, the State, labor, the judiciary, Masonry, the

arts and sciences, the Army and Navy, are pledged by leading representatives to give to, and work for, the cathedral. Said Bishop W. T. Manning, as we quote him from press reports:

"We have a vision before us so noble, so beautiful, so worthy of realization that it has touched the heart and the spiritual imagination of our whole city. We are taking up a work greater by far of its kind than any that our city or our country has ever attempted. We are undertaking to build here in our own city one of the greatest cathedrals ever erected.

"The Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which we are now to build, will not only be the greatest building of its kind in our own land; it will be one of the two or three greatest in the whole world. It will be a shrine of prayer and worship for all people. It will be a great center for the religious life of our city as a whole. It will be a witness for God and for the things of the spirit, the power of which will be felt not only in this metropolis but in our whole national life.

"The great power of the cathedral is its influence for fellowship and brotherhood. And here in our great cosmopolitan city we are having a most marvelous illustration of this.

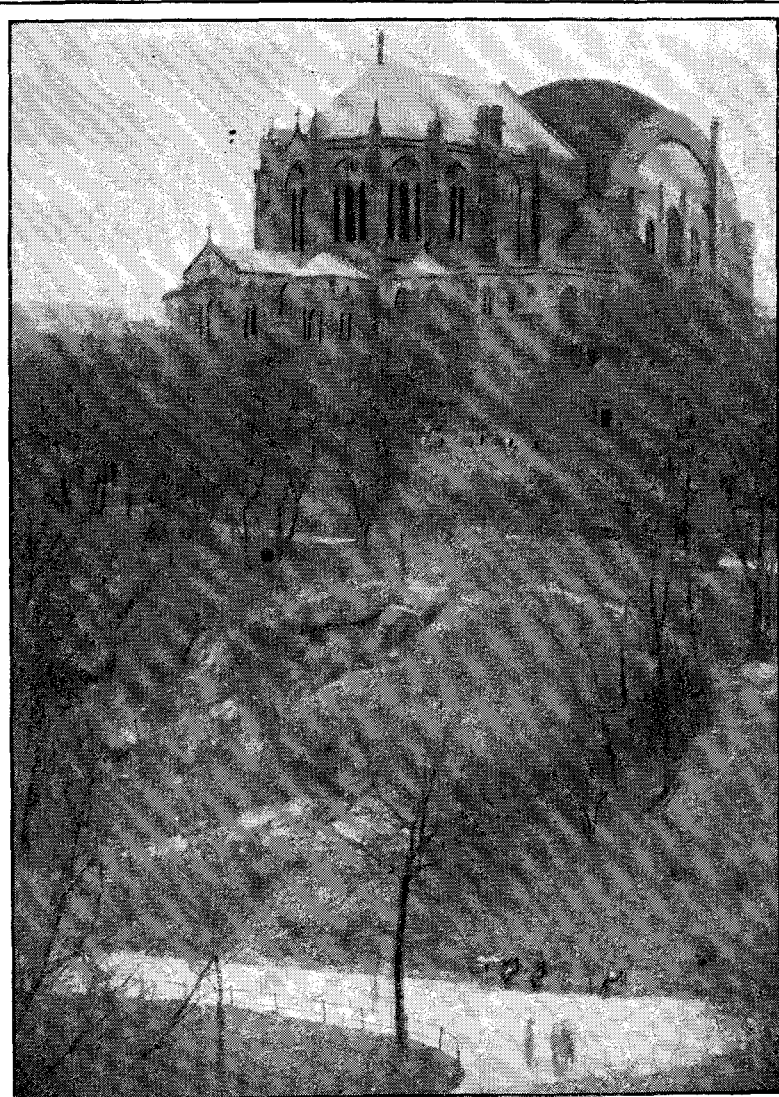
"The movement to build the cathedral has drawn men together as few efforts in the name of religion have ever done. People of all churches and of all faiths are giving their help to build this great house of God.

"The unifying influence of this movement has been so extraordinary that the eyes of the whole country are now upon it.

Every interest and activity in the life of our great city is, I believe, participating in this splendid undertaking. Never, perhaps, has New York been so stirred and moved by any religious project as it now is by this one."

The "Pentecostal zeal" with which the people of all faiths and occupations held in abeyance their individual beliefs while they testified to the power of the religious ideal is seized upon by the press as the remarkable feature of this meeting and of the campaign for funds. To the *Troy Times*:

"It was an encouraging testimony that the public magnanimity needs only to be aroused. But deeper than the tribute to architectural grandeur as a civic asset, broader than the recognition of



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THE CATHEDRAL AS IT STANDS TO-DAY

The unfinished Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights, New York, showing what has been done in the thirty-two years since ground was broken.

the unity of a city which is still an American melting-pot, is the acceptance through this parable of the temple on the mount of the celestial supremacy, of the government of the heavens. Instead of the money-changers being driven out of the temple they have brought into it their consecrated wealth, an intimation of the coming fulfilment of the vision when 'the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it.'

"This fraternal recognition is also a lesson in tolerance. If all are to aid each in religious worship, each must recognize the religion of all. The growing simplification of creeds must and will promote respect for any manifestation of faith that is based on a welcoming sense of the almighty power that has been entitled 'Our Father who art in Heaven.'"

Such a cathedral, comments the *New York Sun*, "will be the more appreciated by those who help to build it, because in giving their support they have broken down old prejudices. . . . It will be a great American monument to religious faith and liberal thought." Set in the midst of the temples of commerce and industry, observes the *New York Evening World*, "the Cathedral of St. John the Divine will bestow its blessing on all believers, regardless of creed or class, through many generations, and through the centuries—a thing of material beauty and spiritual inspiration." To the *New York Times* the building of the cathedral "is an enduring proof in man's loftiest language that even in a democracy there are men who mean and do the noblest thing they know." So, with the prospect of assistance from all creeds and races, from all professions and trades, from all sorts and conditions, the cathedral "promises to be a great, unifying, spiritual and civic force. It is for this special reason, quite be-

yond what the structure will add to the beauty of the city and its distinction, that the consummation of this movement is to be devoutly hoped for and assisted by all the folk of this great city."

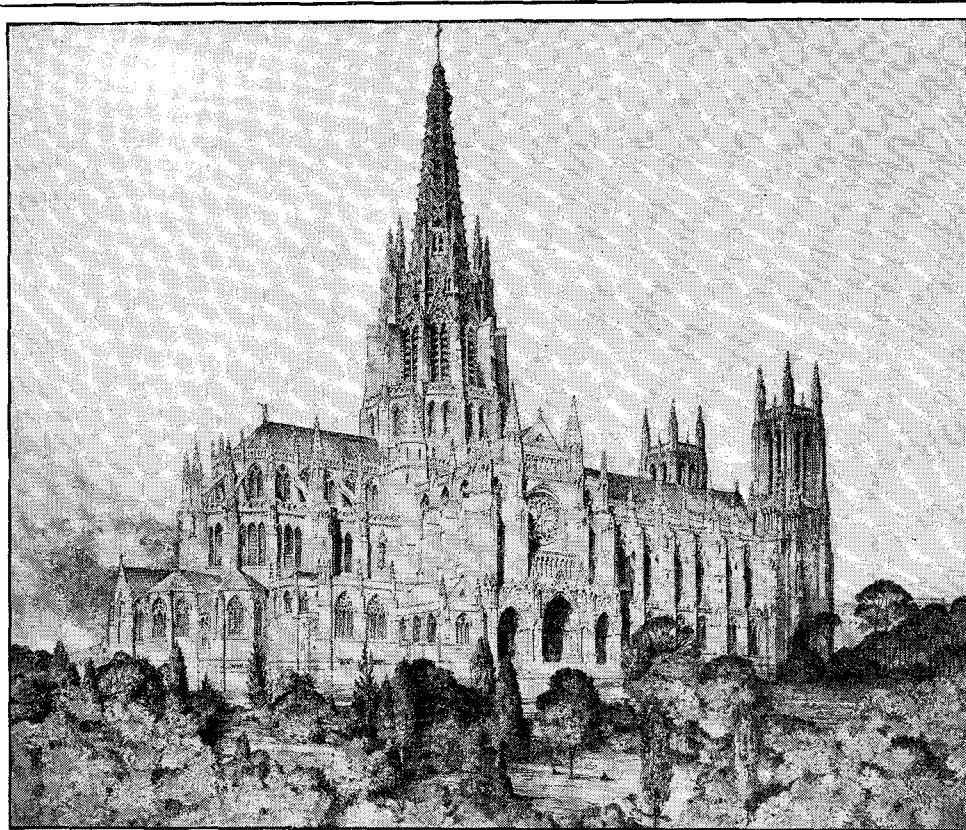
Samuel McCoy tells us in the *New York Times Magazine* that it will be larger than any cathedral in all England, and, with the exception of St. Peter's in Rome and the Cathedral of Seville, in Spain, it will be greater than any other cathedral in the world. It has already served the whole community on great and solemn occasions—such as the thanksgiving for the withdrawal of Austria from the war, the thanksgiving for the cessation of hostilities, and thanksgiving for the liberated nationalities. And, writes Mr. McCoy:

"Its doors will be open to all; no one will be a stranger there. The sanctuary 'is constantly in use,' says Bishop Manning, 'for services of a community significance; so that now a company of letter-carriers, now a guild of artists or actors, now a great gathering of seamen, now a throng of singing children or a memorial service for a great statesman, all find room. Members of every religious faith participate in such services as members of the congregation. It has no regular congregation, but is a house of prayer and worship for all the people of the city. All the strong currents of civic life flow into it and receive spiritual interpretation. It is the People's Church, the Strangers' Church, the City's Church.'

"And so the people, the strangers, the city, as well as those whose creed happens to be that of Bishop Manning, are summoned to help."

THE RELIGIOUS DUEL IN FRANCE

A BITTER RELIGIOUS STRUGGLE which may have grave results is under way in France because of the announced intention of the Government under Premier Edouard Herriot, a Socialist, to apply in Alsace-Lorraine the French laws abolishing certain privileges of the Roman Catholic Church, and to expel once more the "congregations," or religious orders, which had come back in large numbers during the war. To understand the dispute, we must recall a bit of history. Sixty



THE COMPLETED CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

Architect's drawing showing what the Cathedral will look like from the north, when finished in accordance with the present plans. It will be "one of the greatest cathedrals ever erected."

years ago the Roman Catholic faith was practically the recognized religion of France, including Alsace. Thirty years later, when Alsace had been torn away and annexed by Germany, the situation was reversed, and by a series of laws passed between 1901 and 1905 France broke off diplomatic relations with the Vatican, expelled religious orders, forbade priests to teach and completely disestablished the Church. Then, during the war and for some time afterwards, a truce, tending toward reconciliation, existed, and diplomatic relations with the Vatican were reestablished. It is only since the elections of May 11, 1923, which gave a majority in Parliament to the radicals, or anti-clericals, that the latest phase of the religious struggle has commenced. The "lay" laws of 1901-1905 did not apply to Alsace-Lorraine. Those provinces under German rule remained Catholic to the core. Consequently, when Premier Herriot proclaimed that the laws directed against the Catholic Church were to be extended to the returned provinces, a cry of protest went up from the Church party.

"Drunk with victory and violating the word of France (given by Poincaré, Clemenceau, and others, to the effect that the Third Republic would respect the special customs and traditions of Alsace), the government majority now wishes to impose on us by brute force the iniquitous anti-clerical legislation," asserts the *Courier de Strasbourg*. Interpreting the sentiments of local clerical papers, such as the *Elsaesser Kurier* and the *Lothringer*

Zeitung, the *Echo de Paris* asserts that "the effect produced in Strasbourg and Metz by the warlike declarations of Mr. Herriot against the Church has been disastrous." The parliamentary representatives of the new departments, we are told, are "swamped with letters and telegrams summoning them to protest. Out of twenty-four Alsatian deputies in the present Chamber, twenty-one belong to the Church party and the Opposition. Their advice was not even listened to by Mr. Herriot in preparing his recent message." "Let France beware lest she create a dangerous spirit of irredentism on the most exposed point of her frontier," declares Charles Bonnefon, correspondent of the *Echo de Paris*, who was charged by his paper with a special mission of inquiry in Alsace. "Catholics, Protestants and Jews alike are firm in their opposition to the policy of the Left Bloc. Each in his own way wants to keep God in the schools. A program of persecution may be disastrous. It will delight Germany and the Germans, who from points of vantage across the Rhine watch like hawks every move we make in Alsace."

On the other hand, some Paris journals rather scoff at Alsatian irritation. "Alsatian Catholics threaten us with religious war!" exclaims the *Echo de Paris*. "It is difficult to believe in such infamous threats." "The order of the day on the clerical side is to squeal," declares *L'Œuvre*, and it goes on:

"Clerical papers in Alsace-Lorraine talk big. Threats of civil war, appeals to resistance, nothing is forgotten. The Abbé Haeggy in the *Elsaesser Kurier* compares the situation of the Alsatian Catholics with that of the Huguenots after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Pure nonsense!

"These and other similar bits of foolishness are intended to make the Government change its policy. . . . But they emanate only from fanatic circles. It would be calumny to identify them with Alsace and Lorraine as a whole. The city council of Strasbourg and such papers as the *Journal d'Alsace-Lorraine* and the *Messin* are with us. The threats of the Abbé Haeggy and his consorts are nothing but bluff."

But these Paris papers ignore a powerful element, if a Jesuit priest is the mouthpiece for the host of other priests who fought through the war. Father Doncoeur, who was of those exiled when the religious orders were expelled from the country in 1902, returned to fight for France in the hour of her peril and was wounded three times. In a letter to Premier Herriot, which is printed in the Paris *Victoire*, he speaks of his long service in the Army, and writes:

"After demobilization I committed the crime of staying home in my own country . . . and now you show me the door!

"But let me tell you that neither I nor any other religious—for all those who were of military years went to the front—nor any woman religious will ever again take the road to Belgium. That we'll never do. You may act as you see fit, you may take our houses away from us and you may open your prisons to receive us. . . . But to go away from here as we did in 1902—never!

"To-day we have a little more blood in our veins, and as soldiers of Verdun we have learned in the very best school how to hold one's ground. And now I shall tell you why we shall never leave again. It is not because we are afraid to go anywhere. We have no personal possessions, neither roof-tree nor homestead. Jesus Christ awaits us everywhere and will always sustain us, even at the ends of the world. But we shall not go away from France, because we do not wish it again to happen that a Belgian or an Englishman, or an American, or a Chinese, or a German, in meeting us some day far from our own country, should ask us certain questions to which we should have to bow the head shamefully and reply, as in the past: 'France has banished us!'"

Agitation has increased, and the expulsion of some nuns from a convent in Alençon is said to have enraged churchmen all over France. Catholics took it as the initial act of the government program of repression. Seven French Cardinals, headed by the Archbishops of Paris and Bordeaux, address an open letter to Premier Herriot, adjuring him "in the name of their faith and their patriotism" to stop the "persecution" of the Church and revoke his decision regarding the abolition of the embassy to the Vatican. The Paris *Temps*, which is considered to be occasionally

the semi-official organ of the French Foreign Office, does not like the Government's way in religious matters, but it is also rather critical of the letter of the Cardinals, and has this to say:

"We have pointed out the danger of the Government's religious policy in certain aspects and voiced doubts about the advisability of applying it to Alsace-Lorraine, but we now feel obliged to deplore the tone of the manifesto which the Cardinals of France have just address to the Premier. . . . It is a political letter. . . . We find it difficult to excuse therein such phrases as the following: 'The laws applying to religious orders and the separation between Church and State are iniquitous and, speaking frankly, laws of persecution. They are wrong!' Furthermore we dislike passages wherein the Cardinals preach opposition to the State, absolve rebels in advance, and foreshadow a sort of prelates' rebellion. 'We do not seek war,' says the text of the manifesto, 'but if imposed upon us we shall endure it with regret but not without resistance.' This sounds like civil war. No good Frenchman or republican can like the sound of it."

SUNDAY USE OF PUBLIC PLAYGROUNDS

THE QUESTION WHETHER public playgrounds should be open on Sunday has come up again and again both in this country and England. And the question, we read in *The Survey*, "is still decidedly an open one." At a meeting of superintendents of recreation last fall there was a general feeling "that Sunday offers an opportunity for providing wholesome recreation, tho the form of recreation is often of a different character from that of other days and there is a different emphasis." *The Survey* recalls that when the Playground and Recreation Association of America some time ago asked for the facts on the actual use of public playgrounds it was learned that playgrounds are open on Sundays in 56 cities and closed in 55,—a fairly even division. There was no sectional variation reported. But, it seems, "in the cities where playgrounds were in use on Sunday, less than half provided leaders and supervisors on that day; in 35 the grounds were open for unsupervised use." Most of the supervised playgrounds are closed in the morning so as not to interfere with church service, while the unsupervised playgrounds are, in general, open all day. As *The Survey* proceeds:

"The majority of cities having Sunday recreation under leadership report that their programs are less formal than for week days; noisy games not being included. Sacramento, Denver, Baltimore, New Orleans, Vincennes (Ind.), and Fresno (Calif.), state that their Sunday programs are practically the same as the week-day program. . . .

"Only twelve cities report a definitely unfavorable reaction to Sunday recreation activities from church forces. However . . . a number of cities have not attempted Sunday programs because of unfavorable sentiment existing in the community.

Some of the playgrounds were found to be in use because there was no way to keep people out, a Southern supervisor adding:

"But there is no supervision on Sunday. There is more of a moral hazard due to opposition by churches due to Sunday supervision, than the other six days of supervision."

Some recreation workers gave their opinion that public recreation facilities should be open for the sake of working people who have only this one day for play. But that there are obstacles in the way of such views is evident, says *The Survey*, from comments like these:

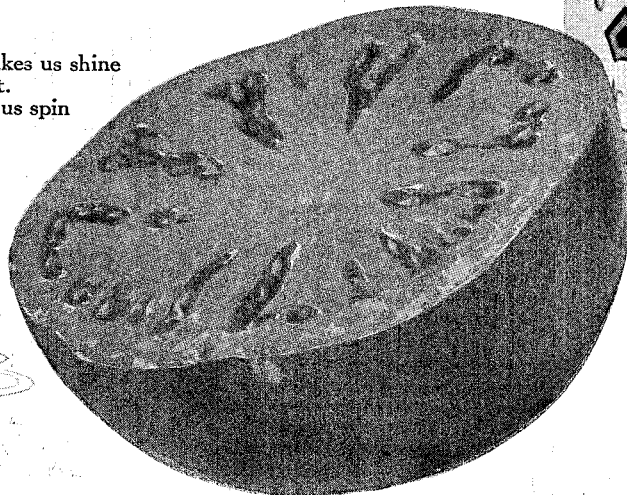
"I believe that the municipal recreational activities should be a reflection of what the people who constitute the community want, and it is quite evident that the playing of soccer football, rugby football, tennis and golf are thought to be quite proper in our community. However, it is contrary to the State law and we have been obliged to violate the law to do what we think is the proper thing.

"Any activity on Sunday—wholesome, I mean—is good if the ministers approve, but no organization that I know of can afford to go against the wishes of the ministers. It is good for the people, but it is hard on the workers to be deprived of Sunday."

Here's a delicious soup the whole family will enjoy !



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And do this stunt so neat.
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CURRENT • POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

IT is rarely that we have space for good fiction. Fortunately this contributor to *The London Mercury* casts her fiction in verse, which we hope no one will rise up and condemn as "free":

ON THE STEP

By MARGARET L. WOODS

The little old lady
Was walking along the street.
She carried her head high though of small stature,
And although her ermine mantle was yellow with age

And her bonnet of an old fashion,
The little old lady
Looked like a well-born woman and moved like a queen.

Yet for all her composure,
Fear was in her heart,
For she had no knowledge,
No remembrance how she came into the street.
She remembered last walking alone in her garden
At Porto Fino, under the mimosas.
And here she was in England,
In a quiet street, approaching the door of her house.

"It is only a dream," she thought,
"I shall soon awaken."
Still fear was in her heart.
"I have lost my memory," she thought. "No one must know it."
So she came to the door of her house and felt for her key,
And the key was not there.
She laid her hand on the bell. It eluded her fingers.

A man walking in the street,
The quiet street,
Seeing her trouble, came to her aid courteously.
He would ring the bell. Hardly was his hand upon it
When she saw that the door had been open,
Open all the while.
She passed into the hall and on to the staircase.

The eyes of the great portraits
Hung on the walls
Followed her now, just as they had always followed her,
Beautiful child, beautiful girl, triumphant woman.
The painted eyes followed her,
The little old lady,
Ascending the wide stairs in her empty home.

She came to the Library.
A fire burned on the hearth.
Her father sat beside it in the familiar attitude
One foot stretched to the blaze, supple in its slipper
—The white head and the black brows were her own—
He leaned back in his chair
With eyes half closed,
His long slender fingers placed tip against tip.

So great was her joy,
Seeing her father,
She forgot all wonder, she forgot all incredulity.
"Father!" she cried.
He stood up and his arms were about her.
"O Father!" she said, "I have been so frightened.
I have lost my memory."
And he, caressing her—"Poor little Annie!"

Meantime the bell
Had hardly ceased to sound,
Pealing through the empty house.
Only a young maid-servant heard it and came.
Slowly unbarring, opened the heavy door.
A man stood on the step,
His back towards her,
Looking like one amazed up and down the street.

"I rang the bell," he said,
"For an old lady
Who stood on the step here, trying to ring it.
Now, all in a moment, the lady has vanished."
"What was she like, Sir?"
The maid enquired.
"A small woman, yet she looked like a great lady."

"She had crisp white hair
And black eyebrows
And an old-fashioned bonnet with wide ribbons
Tied under her chin"—"But that is my Lady.
O Sir!" cried the maid,
"That is my Lady.
Sir, she died abroad suddenly this morning."

But the little old lady
Did not know that she was dead.

SOJOURNING in the Kentucky mountains, Mr. Mackaye seems to have picked up more than material for his play, "This Fine Pretty World." This something over appears in *The Yale Review* (January):

AUNT NANCE

By PERCY MACKAYE

Coppery, snake-bright
Bells of the bear-corn
Tremble their wine-spottled
Delicate blooms by her doorsill.

There, in the silences—
Craning her red-kerchief
Head from the halo-spoked
Glimmering arc of her spinning-wheel—

Crinkly she puckers her
Cheek like a dried quince,
Squinting the far-away
Smile of a sun-wizzened sibyl.

AFTER a long absence G. S. B. returns and remounts the "Conning Tower" in the *New York World*, with a ballad of old American life:

AFRICAN TRADE

By G. S. B.

A spanking ship was the *Hannah Jane*
As she sailed from her native shore
And headed away for the open main
And the perilous leagues before.
Her owners stood on the wharf and prayed
For a lucky voyage to come,
Counting the profits that might be made
From her burden of Medford rum.

The seas bode calm and the winds blew fair
And no mischief the ship befell;
Full soon was answered her owners' prayer
And was answered exceeding well.
The rum was exchanged for souls; and so,
When the *Hannah* sailed again,
She carried no Medford rum below—
She was laden with living men.

Yet black men differed from rum, O Lord—
Rum was rated most precious stuff,
But a few dead blacks tossed overboard?
Why, there always were blacks enough!
From the auction-block was the cargo sold
And it netted a tidy sum;
And straightway molasses filled the hold,
For the making of Medford rum.

Thus the *Hannah Jane* returned at last
From her circuit across the waves,
And entries were made and profits cast
For molasses and rum and slaves.
Long after the partners both were dead,
Came a reckoning writ with fire,
Though each, respected, had died in bed
In a mansion by McIntire.

A WOMAN could doubtless give the answer to the following in one word, but it wouldn't make a poem suitable for *Vanity Fair*, which harbors this:

THE VEIL

By WALTER DE LA MARE

I think and think; yet still I fail—
Why does this lady wear a veil?
Why thus elect to mask her face
Beneath that dainty web of lace?
The tip of a small nose I see,
And two red lips, set curiously
Like twin-born cherries on one stem,
And yet she has netted even them.
Her eyes, it's plain, survey with ease
Whatever to glance upon they please.
Yet, whether hazel, gray, or blue,
Or that even lovelier lilac hue,
I cannot guess: why—why deny
Such beauty to the passer-by?
Out of a bush a nightingale
May expound his song; beneath that veil
A happy mouth no doubt can make
English sound sweeter for its sake.
But then, why muffle in, like this,
What every blossomy wind would kiss?
Why in that little night disguise
A daybreak face, those starry eyes?

ONE of our modern poets who has gained high favor abroad issues a volume of "Chills and Fever" (Alfred A. Knopf), and the following may be taken as the key poem with no credit to old poetic ideals.

HERE LIES A LADY

By JOHN CROWE RANSOM

Here lies a lady of beauty and high degree.
Of chills and fever she died, of fever and chills.
The delight of her husband, her aunts, an infant of three.
And of medicos marvelling sweetly on her ills.

For either she burned, and her confident eyes
would blaze,
And her fingers fly in a manner to puzzle their heads—
What was she making? Why, nothing; she sat in a maze
Of old scraps of laces, snipped into curious shreds—

Or this would pass, and the light of her fire decline
Till she lay discouraged and cold as a thin stalk
white and blown,
And would not open her eyes, to kisses, to wine:
The sixth of these states was her last; the cold
settled down.

Sweet ladies, long may ye bloom, and toughly I
hope ye may thole,
But was she not lucky? In flowers and lace and mourning,
In love and great honour we bade God rest her soul
After six little spaces of chill, and six of burning.

WE have received so many protests against "free verse," which as reporters of "Current Poetry" we are bound sometimes to include in this page that we offer the following lines from the front page of *The Poet's Scroll* (Howe, Okla.), for the solace of those afflicted as above indicated:

FREE VERSE

By ESTIL ALEXANDER TOWNSEND

Of all free stuff
I have enough
When I have all the whole of none;
For, who but knows
'Tis not good prose
Nor poetry even badly done?

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PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

THE LAST OF OUR GREAT A. E. F. GENERALS OUT

THERE WAS GLOOM on Governors Island when Gen. Robert E. Lee Bullard, last of the "Big Four" commanders of the A. E. F. in active service, gave his final salute to the flag as an American soldier, and passed into private life. Pershing, Harbord and Liggett, the other three American leaders of the first rank, had preceded him. And of these four generals, we are reminded by numerous publicists, only Pershing received a fitting reward from Congress. The others, sent into retirement by the age-limit regulations, have been unrecognized: even tho, a correspondent of the Consolidated Press Association reports from Washington, a number of brother officers of the retired Generals have pledged themselves "to work for what they hope still may come as an act of belated justice."

The retirement of General Bullard removes from the Army "perhaps our most romantic commander," believes the *Atlanta Journal*, recalling the recently authenticated story of Bullard's refusal to order an American retreat at Château-Thierry. His superior officer, a French corps commander, had ordered the retirement, but the General replied that he was not only unable to retire, but that the American troops would counter-attack. That counter-attack was the beginning of the end of the last German offensive. This incident was known only to a few of Bullard's close friends, one of them being ex-President Taft, says the *New York Times*. It occurred when—

The General's superior officer, a French Corps Commander, had reached the conclusion that the American Division of his corps, together with his own two French divisions could no longer hold their ground in face of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy.

General Bullard was then a Major-General in command of the First American Division. His troops held a salient on the Château-Thierry front, the middle division of a French Army Corps, with a French division on each side of them. The Germans were making strenuous efforts to widen their line so as to be able to present a broader front to the Allies and so bring more men into action.

Day after day the Germans launched attacks against the Allied corps. The latter's casualties were tremendous. Reserves were few. The situation was fraught with danger, but the order had been issued to the American troops that they were to stand their ground. They were not to retire.

Then, in the opinion of the French General, the situation became untenable and a strategic falling back was necessary. He issued the order which was carried along to the American Divisional headquarters. The whole line was to retire and take up another position, a stronger position, but one that would enable the enemy to increase its front.

General Bullard understood the situation, but, at the same time, he knew the caliber of his men. To them, a retirement would have meant a defeat. To him it meant the same and then, in the presence of the man who now succeeds him as Commanding General at Governors Island, Maj.-Gen. Charles Pelot Summerall, he gave his answer to the French General. The answer, like the order, was in French, and a literal translation is:

"We regret being unable on this occasion to follow the com-

mand of our masters, the French, but the American flag has been forced to retire. This is unendurable, and none of our soldiers would understand their not being asked to do whatever is necessary to reestablish a situation which is humiliating to us and unacceptable to our country's honor. We are going to counter-attack."

The Americans did counter-attack, and so well did they carry the battle into the enemy's territory that the check of the German offensive on the Marne began with this battle.

Then, the General explained, whispers of what had occurred began to reach the United States. The whispers grew, and finally a Congressman raised the question of whether or not such an incident had actually transpired.

One or two persons in prominent positions in this country knew the facts in the case. One of these went to the Congressman and suggested that it would be to the best interests of all concerned that the matter be dropped. It was.

Just how the higher authorities looked upon General Bullard's action can best be determined by the fact that a very short while afterward he was elevated to the rank of Lieutenant-General and placed in command of the American Second Army.

It was due to luck, and the restraint of that wild old Indian warrior, Geronimo, continues the writer, that General Bullard ever lived to enter the World War. Immediately after graduation, in 1885, with a Second Lieutenant's commission in the Tenth Infantry, young Bullard was sent to fight Indians. The Tenth, at the time, was hot on the heels of Geronimo. The soldiers almost had the Indian chief and his warriors surrounded. However, as the record runs:

The savages held a commanding position on the crest of a hill.

One afternoon Lieutenant Bullard was detailed to make a tour of inspection of the Indian outposts. His tour completed, he returned to camp, passing near the hill where Geronimo's braves were watching every move of the white men.

Two days later the Indian chieftain was captured and brought into the presence of the Colonel commanding the Tenth.

"You are a very bad Indian," the Colonel told the Indian. "You have been killing all my soldiers."

"No, not all of them," Geronimo replied. "That one there," pointing to Lieutenant Bullard, "I did not kill him, but could have done so two days ago. He came near where my men were. One of my braves fitted an arrow to his bow and was about to draw the string, when I stop him. There was no need to kill him."

"Between the days when Bullard won his spurs as an Indian fighter and the culmination of his career in the World War," writes Raymond Hathaway in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, "lies one of the most colorful careers on record." He has had military experience in a dozen different quarters of the globe. Briefly sketching the General's life from the beginning to that final scene on Governors Island, Mr. Hathaway writes:

Robert Lee Bullard was born in Youngsboro, Alabama, January 15, 1861. His father, Daniel Bullard, was a North Carolinian of English-Scotch descent. His mother, Susan Mizzell, was of a Georgia Huguenot family. Daniel Bullard and his



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HERO AND HERO-WORSHIP

General Bullard address a gathering of boy scouts shortly before his retirement, and received the sort of tribute here revealed.

—and then



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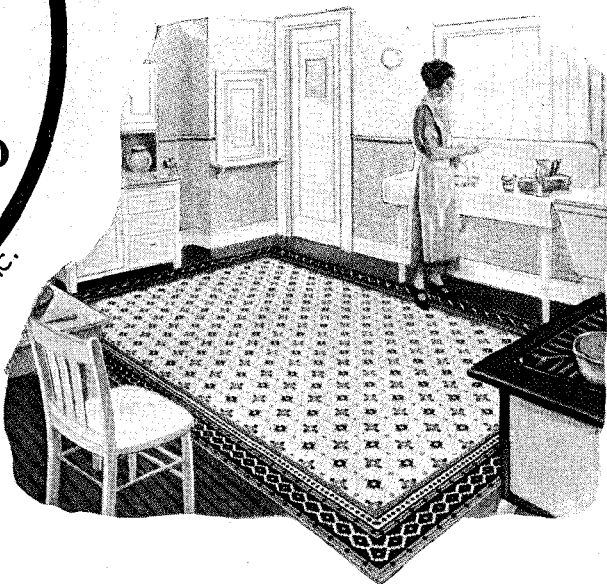
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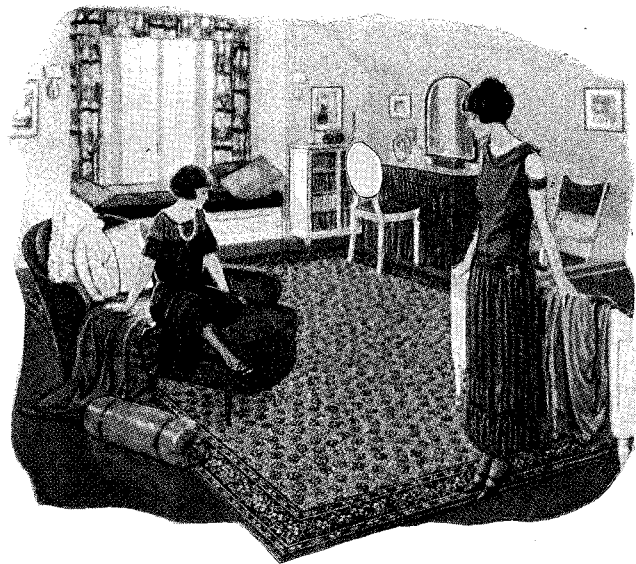
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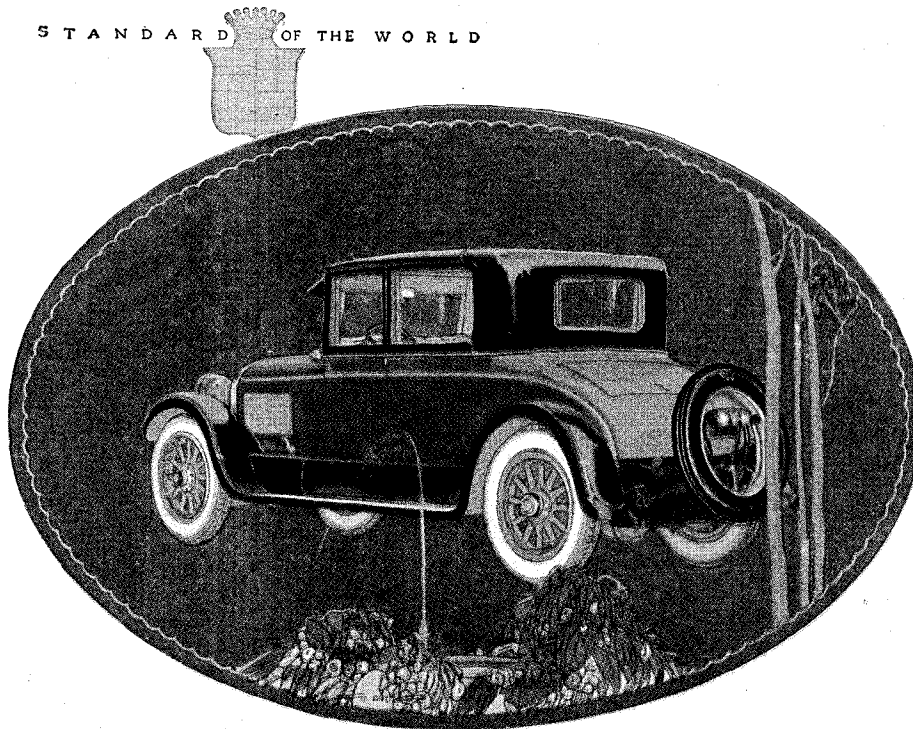
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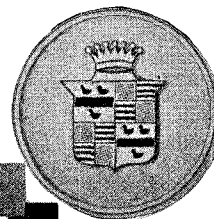
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wife were driven from their home in Alabama many times during the Indian uprisings, but their staunch pioneer spirit always led them to return.

Young Bullard was attending Agricultural and Mechanical College at Auburn, Alabama, when he received his appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point. This was in 1881. He did not have to wait long for his baptism of fire. From the Academy he went directly southwest to the Indian campaign. General Bullard retains to this day a healthy respect for the Apaches. "They are good fighters," he remarked succinctly.

After this campaign his advancement was rapid, from his commission as second lieutenant in 1885, on through the ranks of major, lieutenant-colonel, colonel, brigadier-general, major-general to lieutenant-general.

On April 17, 1888, he was married to Miss Rose Douglas Brabson, of Chattanooga, Tennessee. The four children of General and Mrs. Bullard, Robert Lee, Jr., Peter Cleary, Rose and Keith, were all born at army posts. Mrs. Bullard died in January, 1922. The General's daughter, Rose, then became the hostess of his home on Governors Island.

Strangely enough, this son of Alabama, name-sake of Robert Lee, has cherished since boyhood a deep admiration for General Sherman. "How did I happen to be named Robert Lee?" he asked. "Well, you see it was a common practise in the South in those days, and I was not prepared to object. I'd rather have been named for Sherman, but it couldn't be done in those days; in fact, it's a bit difficult now in the South! I think, tho, that Sherman has influenced me more as a soldier than any other man. I admire his methods for their efficiency, and after forty-three years in the service I'm prepared to agree with what he said about war!"

General Bullard displayed some of Sherman's tactics on his own entrance into the World War when he issued the famous Instructions No. 1 from First Division Headquarters, February 5, 1918, as follows: "There are no orders which require us to wait for the enemy to fire on us before we fire on him; do not wait for him to fire first. Be active all over No-Man's Land."

General Bullard has dodged death by narrow margins in many different countries. Once a bolo slashed into the crown of his campaign hat, and another time a knife dashed his pistol from his hand and bent the barrel with its force.

"What was the most critical time in your whole career as a soldier, General Bullard?" we asked.

"July 15, 1918," he replied promptly. "That morning I looked at the map in my corps area headquarters and saw that the enemy had crossed the Marne and were eleven kilometers from Paris. See that map." He laid the famous "Bulldog Map of the Marne" on the table. "Well, the bulldog's nose pointed straight toward Paris. We were at St. Quentin then. Our orders were changed that night and we struck at Soissons. That Soissons attack was the turning-point of the war."

One of the things which General Bullard will be remembered for in military annals is his work for the Citizens Military Training Camps. In 1921 the enlistment was 800 in the Second Corps Area. Last year it was 4,353, and 40,000 in the country at large.

"On looking back over my military experience one thing stands out clearly," General Bullard said. "We are getting a higher type of enlisted men in the Army to-day than ever before. I think the enlisted man's condition has been bettered a great deal since I entered the service. I can remember when the soldiers gave part of their pay to get fresh vegetables. To-day the soldier lives as well as the civilian in the same rank of life. Men always gain weight and muscle in the Army. It's not such a hard life."

The General is a living illustration of the truth of his remarks, observes Mr. Hathaway, for "at 64, after more than a generation of warfare, he is as hale and hearty as a man ten years his junior." The rule that removed him from the Army, he says, proves that in his case "peace has its trials as well as war," and, reports his newspaper biographer:

There is much conjecture as to what General Bullard will do now that he has left the service. He calls himself a man in search of a job. "I am retiring from the Army," he said, "but that doesn't mean that I am retiring from work. I'd die very soon if I didn't have work, and that," with a twinkle in his eye, "is the last thing I intend to do."

He might get a job at some sort of literary work, suggests another writer, who recalls that "not only has the General attained fame as a soldier and leader of men, but his writings have furnished a valuable addition to the military records of his country." It was General Bullard, also, who in 1912 created a stir when he described the United States as "a robber nation." He said, on that occasion, as reported by the *New York Times*:

"We claim above all to be an unaggressive, peace-loving nation, who consistently regard the rights of others. We are constantly declaring we do not covet the lands or things of others, and believe that we never gave others cause for complaint, much less for war. But what have we done? Here are some of the things:

"Robbed the Indian of his country, deprived the Filipino of his independence, gone to war hoping to get Canada and afterward allowed our citizens to harass or attack her; declared the Monroe Doctrine and stretched it; beaten Colombia somehow out of the Panama Canal; driven out Castro and squeaked Zelaya.

"This does not mean that this nation has not done great and generous things. We have handed her independence to Mexico once, to Cuba twice. It means, notwithstanding the theory we hold of our non-aggressiveness, that we are, in fact, and the world knows us as an aggressive and often a provoking people."

The General is the author of two books, his "Education in Cuba," published in 1910, and a later volume entitled, "How Cuba Differs from Us." Southern editors salute him in passing as "a West Pointer, an Alabaman, the proud possessor of a name, that is, and forever will be, the glory of the South." The *Providence News*, among others, protests against the Army regulation which forces his retirement at the age of 64. According to this editor's view of the matter:

The absurdity of fixing an age-limit on a man's usefulness is again illustrated, this time in the case of Maj.-Gen. Robert Lee Bullard, who by compulsion relinquishes command of the Second Army Corps Area and goes into retirement at the age of 64 after 44 years as a soldier.

The passing of General Bullard removes from the Army the last of America's war-time military "big four." The 64-year age limit which forces him to step down previously eliminated Gen. John J. Pershing, Maj.-Gen. Hunter Liggett and Maj.-Gen. James G. Harbord.

General Bullard is in the full bloom of his mental powers and in excellent physical condition—clear of eye, clear of brain, supple of muscle. Yet, in accordance with a moss-grown regulation he is "through." The Government can find no work for this able and experienced soldier and executive.

It cost the American people many thousands of dollars to prepare Pershing, Harbord, Liggett and Bullard for positions of power and responsibility, and when they reached the zenith of their capacities, they were shelved.

Could not men of the type of the war-time "big four" be used in an advisory capacity, perhaps as military instructors? General Bullard is cast out at a time when he is badly needed, at a time when he could apply to the vital problem of building up a national reserve defense force those qualities of leadership which he possesses in marked degree.

It is a most deplorable waste. The Army now gets no benefit from four of the most valuable men it has. If a business was run as stupidly as some branches of government, it would go to smash in short order.



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ONE OF THE "BIG FOUR"
General Hunter Liggett, of the
American First Army, preceded
Bullard into retirement.

Our leaders in industry, finance, education, literature, the Church, are more numerous above 64 than they are below that age. Edison has done much of his best work in the last 13 years. He is 77. Elihu Root, considered by many persons to be the ablest living American, is nearly 80.

Chief Justice Taft is 67. Justice Holmes, one of the greatest jurists this country has ever known, is 83, and some of his most notable decisions were rendered after he attained the age of 64. Elbert H. Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, is 78 years old. He heads one of the greatest business enterprises on earth. Take, say 20, of the biggest banks in the country. Men past 64 will be found in charge of most of them.

But even more seriously objectionable than enforced retirement, believe several other commentators, is the fact that Congress did not recognize, in some proper manner, the service of Bullard, and of the other two leaders of Armies in the A. E. F. Robert T. Small sums up this point of view in the following dispatch, copyrighted by the Consolidated Press Association:

Republics notoriously are ungrateful. Is the American Republic unfair as well? The thought is called forth by the retirement on Thursday of Maj.-Gen. Robert Lee Bullard, who commanded the American Second Army in France during the World War. General Bullard retired after forty-four years of distinguished service, taking with him only the rank which had come to him through the working out of the rule of seniority in the Army. One of the really great figures of the World War, coming out of the conflict with the temporary rank of lieutenant-general, this soldier, probably the best beloved in all the Army, has been permitted by his country to pass on with but scant meed of praise and no semblance of substantial reward. General Bullard has taken with him to private life the more priceless heritage, perhaps, of duty well and faithfully done, the profound respect and the unquestioned affection of those with whom he has worked and served.

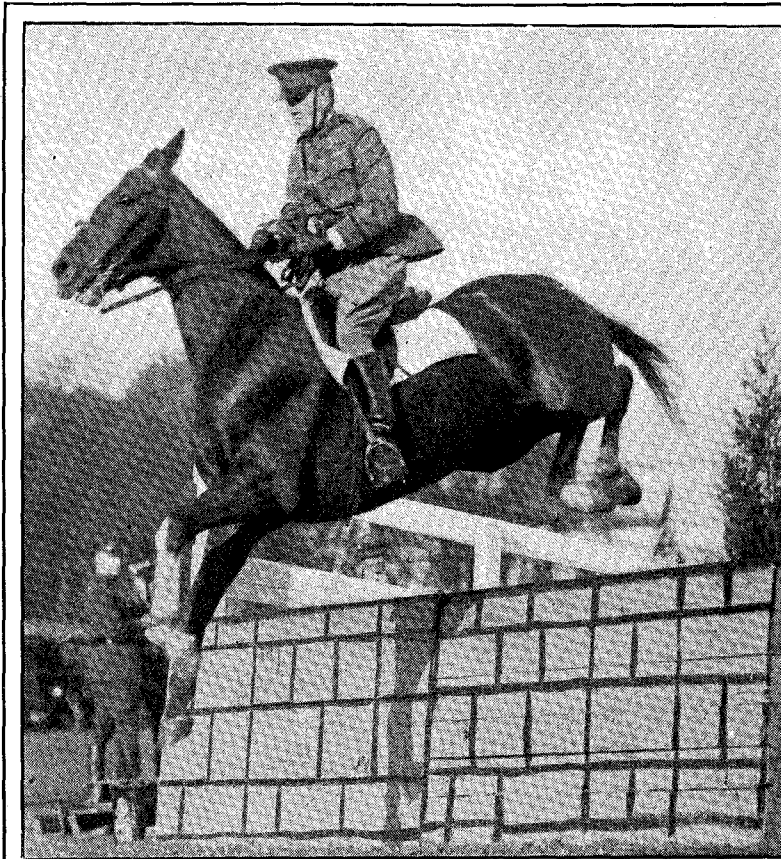
The retirement of General Bullard following that of Gen. Hunter Liggett, who commanded the American First Army, calls attention anew to the fact that Congress has granted but one big reward to a soldier of the World War, and that was in making John J. Pershing permanent in the rank of General. There has been only praise for Congress in the Pershing bestowal, but there also has been a very general feeling that Congress might well have gone a bit further and granted the rank of lieutenant-general to the men who actually commanded the American armies in the field. Brother officers of these Generals have been the most keenly hurt by the reluctance of Congress to go beyond General Pershing in recognizing any service rendered in the war. These brother officers have felt that Liggett and Bullard were entitled to higher rank, and several have pledged themselves still to work for what they hope may come as an act of belated justice.

General Bullard's service in France was brilliant. He started out as Commander of an officers' school in Lyon, rose to command of the famous First Division, then to the command of a corps, and finally was placed by Pershing at the head of the Second Army. There never was any question in the Army as to his ability and the character of his service. There should be none on the part of Congress.

A PRESIDENTIAL SECRETARY FROM THE COAL-FIELDS

FROM LOG-CABIN to White House," is the good old-fashioned phrase that may be used to describe the career of Everett K. Sanders, a Hoosier of the Hoosiers. Of course, he is not entering the White House as President, but as President's secretary, a position which has lately been described as that of "Assistant President." Significant of the new and greatly increased importance of the Presidential secretary is the appointment of this really important Congressman from Indiana, who came very near to securing the Vice-Presidential nomination. At least so it seems to many representative papers, who comment on his picturesque career.

When C. Bascom Slep, the President's former secretary, announced his forthcoming retirement, an altogether unusual amount of comment throughout the country made it more than ever evident he was generally looked upon as an important political figure. As the *Philadelphia Inquirer* pointed out, Mr. C. Bascom Slep was an unusual secretary. "A man of independent fortune, a former member of Congress and a tactful gentleman with a wide occupation in public life, he was rightly regarded as only second in importance to a member of the Cabinet." He was himself "an important party leader," commented another editor—a sort of Chief of Staff for Mr. Coolidge, in fact.



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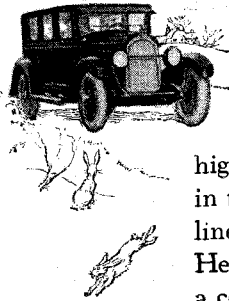
A VERY ACTIVE GENERAL, RETIRED BY THE AGE-LIMIT
Harbord, Commander of the Marines and one of the "Big Four" in France, is cited as another example of the folly of retiring our generals at sixty-four. With Liggett and Bullard, he is called a victim of Congressional ingratitude.

The *Washington Star* reminds us that he had been chosen largely on account of his familiarity with Congressional procedure and the personnel of that body, that he had served as a most effective medium of communication between the President and Congress during his eighteen months as secretary, and had been of great service in the pre-convention campaign among the Southern delegates. The very fact that many editors and correspondents ascribed Slep's resignation to his defeat in a nip-and-tuck fight with the chairman of the Republican National Committee, Senator Butler, and his consequent loss of the Postmaster-Generalship, only goes to show what importance he had given to this job of secretary. We are reminded that only one Presidential secretary, Bruce B. Cortelyou, rose later to a Cabinet position, under Roosevelt, and that there is still considerable likelihood of Slep's ending up in a Coolidge Cabinet.

Following such a figure, it is natural that Everett Sanders should be regarded with much greater curiosity than the average secretary. What are his qualifications? That was the question political writers throughout the country began asking at once. It developed that he was a decidedly self-made Indiana product, forty-three years old, who was serving his fourth successive term in Congress, and had come precious close to being the Vice-Presidential running-mate of Calvin Coolidge. According to many Washington correspondents, Mr. Sanders was one of the recognized leaders of the Republican majority, and it was his

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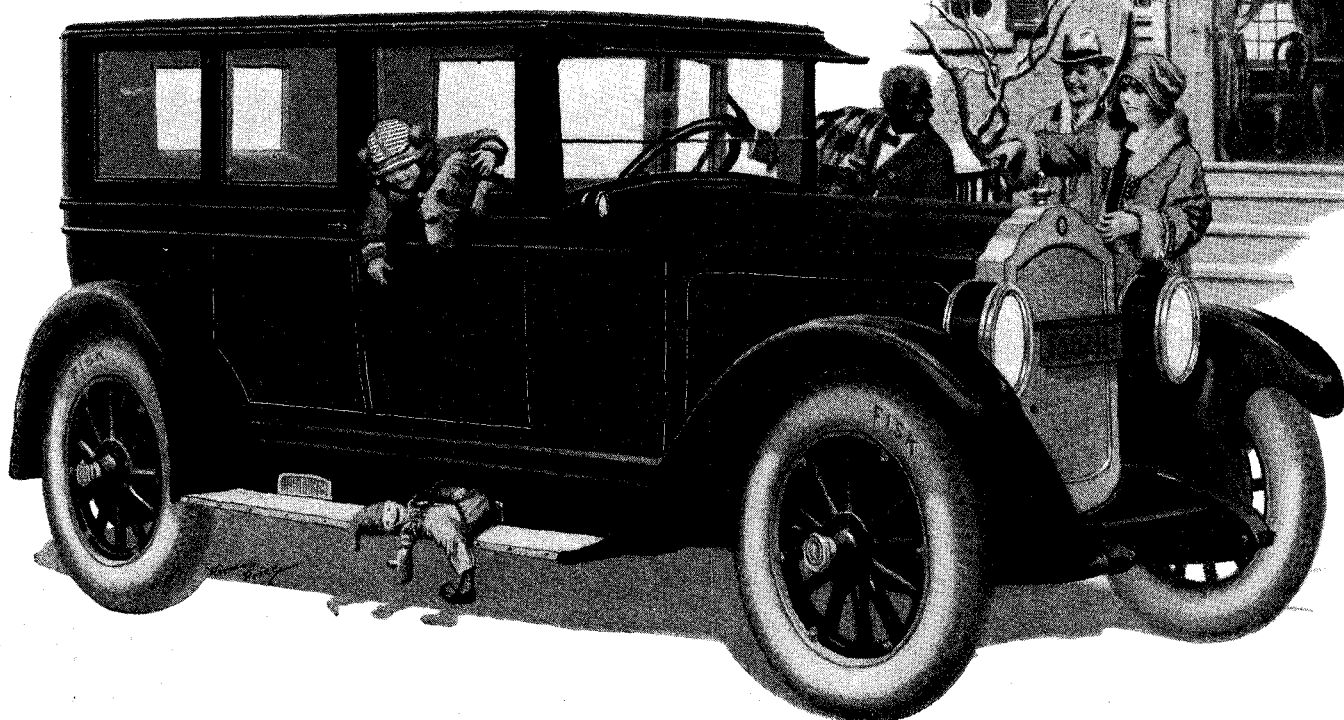
Longer, lower, lovelier lines. The radiator is narrower and slightly higher to give the new Willys-Knight that aristocratic sleekness so marked in the best and costliest cars of Europe. A double beading at the waist-line of the body makes the new Willys-Knight look longer and smarter. Heavier crown fenders and Fisk balloon tires add the final rich touch to a complete picture of richness.

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popularity in the House which had started his Vice-Presidential boom. This standing with his fellow members, in addition to his political astuteness, is, of course, what is supposed to have brought the invitation from the President to become the successor of Slemp.

It should be noted that Mr. Sanders's career as a Congressman had come to a halt, at least temporarily, when this offer came. It is said that he decided to retire voluntarily at the end of his present term, in order to practise law, and that he had sought neither renomination nor reelection. The new service, his friends are quoted as saying, in papers like the *New York World*, only postpones this decision. So much for the status of Mr. Sanders as he enters on his new duties. Now what sort of a man is he? A Washington dispatch here quoted from the *Detroit Free Press* tells the following Oliver Optic epic:

The new secretary has all the requisites for political success. He was born in a log-cabin in Clay County, Indiana. The Sanders family lived on a farm, and the father of the new secretary farmed part of the time, mined coal another part of the time, and preached on Sundays.

A country school furnished Representative Sanders with the groundwork of his education, and later he became a student for two years at the Indiana State Normal. He worked at odd jobs, among them being a job in a shoe store, where he worked on Saturdays.

After his course at the State Normal, Mr. Sanders became a country school-teacher, in the meantime continuing his job in the shoe store.

Twenty miles from where he lived, another school was being taught by Miss Ella Neal. There were no automobiles in those days, but Mr. Sanders succeeded in bridging the distance, and at the end of three years he and Miss Neal were married.

Together they went to the Indiana State University at Bloomington, Indiana, where Mr. Sanders took the course in law, and Mrs. Sanders pursued her studies in the university.

The young man waited on table at the university, and in various other ways contrived to work his way through. The *Providence Journal* gives us additional data on this period in his life:

It is easy to relate these successive steps, but the pathway was a thorny one. Mr. Sanders taught high school at \$55 a month, augmenting his poor income by serving also as janitor of the school building at ten cents a day, sweeping the rooms and building the fires. At Normal School he eked out an existence by working in a shoe store on Saturday afternoons. At the State University he worked in another shoe store on Saturday. They talk much here of the hard and economical life of New England. Mr. Sanders knows something of the meagerness of existence in the Middle West. He was president of his law class and captain of the university basketball team. This was in 1904. Three years later Mr. Sanders graduated in law. For nearly ten years he practised in Terre Haute and then in 1917 came to Congress in time to vote for the resolution declaring war on Germany.

Just before this, we gather from other sources, Sanders had been Assistant Attorney-General of his State, and had begun to cut his eye-teeth in politics. His experiences in his first Congressional campaign are thus detailed in *The Free Press* dispatch already mentioned:

When Mr. Sanders first attempted to come to Congress, the

primary law was new in Indiana. He spent his last \$800 to send out 45,000 postal cards, and won the nomination by about 600 votes. In the election which followed he was opposed by Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist candidate.

It was in this campaign that Mr. Sanders first became known as a public speaker. He has told his friends the first speeches he made were poor because he trusted to the extemporization of the moment. He early decided that something was necessary "beyond opening his mouth and letting out the wind the Lord had placed there," and from that time always carefully prepared his speeches.

It was while serving in Congress that he ran athwart the exigencies of Indiana politics. Altho he refrained from joining either Senator Watson or Postmaster-General Harry New in the Watson-New feud, he did not fit in with the Watson organization. When the Cleveland convention was looking about for a candidate for Vice-President, Senator Watson had his lightning-rod up with the indorsement of the Indiana delegation. It became evident early that Watson could not be nominated, but it seemed that Sanders could.

A somewhat circumstantial account of this episode is given on the authority of the *New York World's* Washington Bureau, as follows:

On that hectic night when Lowden and Borah and others refused to run, and the G. O. P. was in a stew between the White House prohibition on anybody who had figured in the Senatorial humiliation of the President and the desire of the Westerners to name Curtis, there was a portentous gathering.

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and Senator Reed, representing Pennsylvania, Wadsworth and half a dozen more representing New York, were

there. William M. Butler was in and out, and finally Postmaster-General New was sent for. He was told that New York and Pennsylvania had decided on Sanders for Vice-President, and that he was to make the nominating speech.

New, who is Sanders's sponsor in politics, told them it would not do; that if it appeared that the Indiana man was his candidate, Watson would tear up the furniture, and might defeat him. Finally New took the tidings to the Indiana delegation. Watson, himself a candidate for the nomination, rushed to the council that was waiting New's return and raised such a ruction that finally the gathering substituted Dawes for Sanders.

It is a conspicuous trait of Sanders's character that he does not harbor grudges, according to other commentators. He is called "a good soldier." All through the recent session of Congress, they say, altho apparently about to pull out of politics, he consistently supported every party measure, and was one of Longworth's stoutest lieutenants. Eventually, it seems, the Watson opposition died down, and there was only hearty congratulations from this quarter, when his appointment as secretary was announced. Of the conditions under which the new secretary enters on his duties, the *Providence Journal* says:

Here in Washington the Sanderses have been living in a modest little apartment since 1917. They have as yet made no plans for a change when the White House is opened to them. Mr. Sanders declined to consider a renomination last fall. He had arranged to return to his law practise in Terre Haute, after March 4, because he found the pay of a Congressman, \$7,500 a year, gave no opportunity to put anything away for a rainy day. The salary of secretary to the President is the same as that of a Congressman, but the Sanderses will have the use of a very fine White House automobile and the services of a chauffeur. They have made no

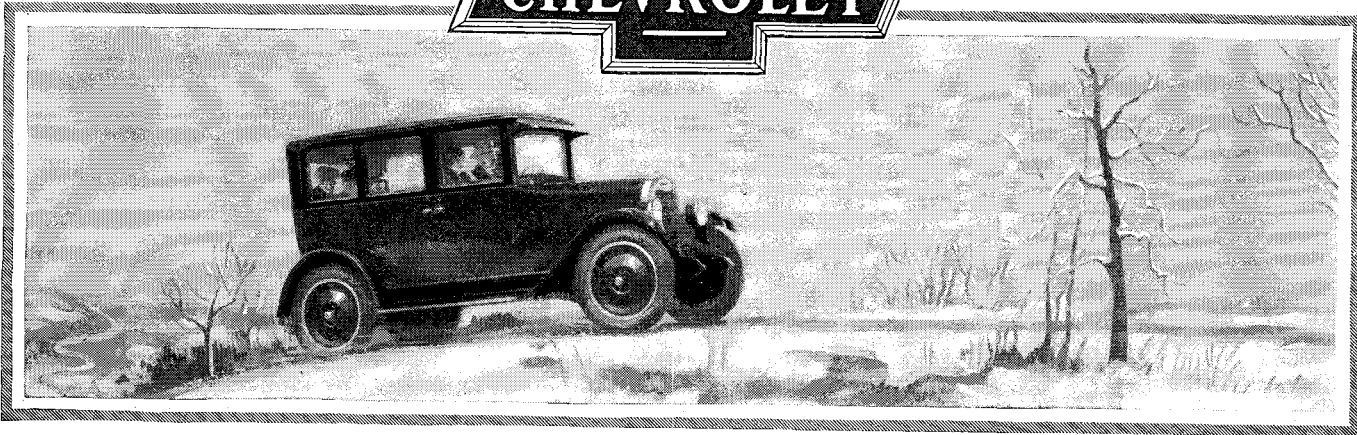


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LOG-CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE

Everett K. Sanders (holding the papers) from the coal-fields, country school-teacher, lawyer, Congressman from Indiana, is being coached by C. Bascom Slemp, coal-mine owner, in his duties as secretary to President Coolidge. As soon as Mr. Sanders's present term in Congress is over, he will relieve Mr. Slemp.

for Economical Transportation



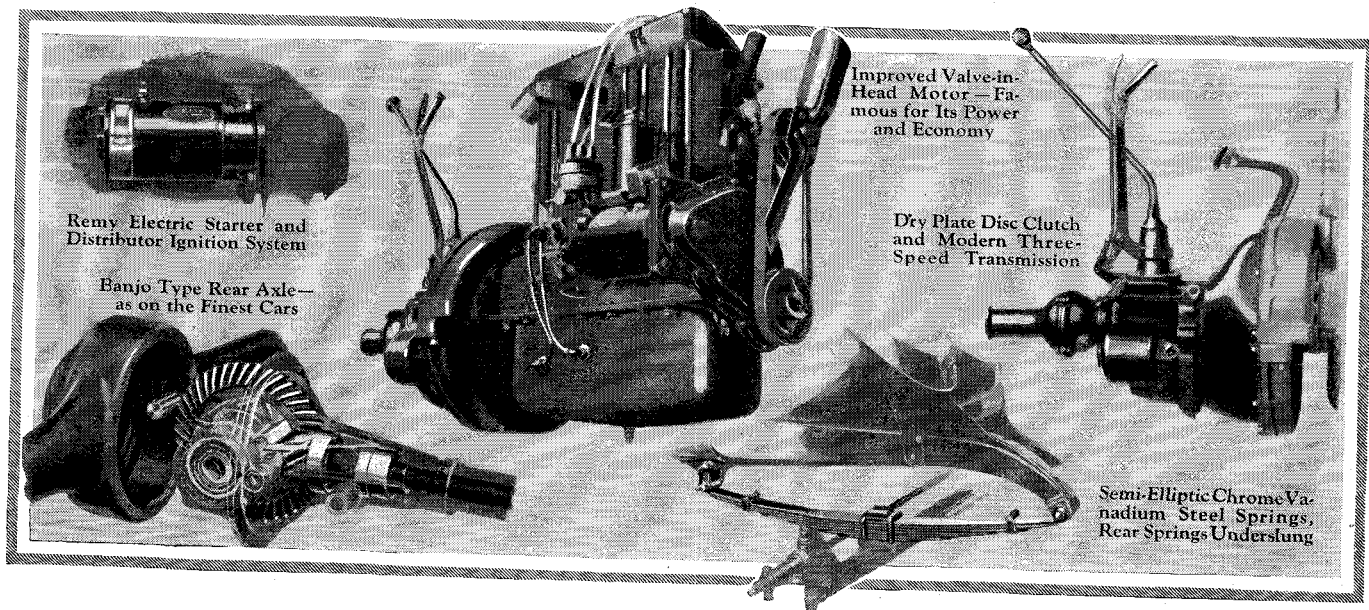
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Now before we start the day's work, let us digest our breakfast, sweeten the mouth, soothe the throat and cleanse the teeth with WRIGLEY'S-



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

attempt before this to maintain a car. They have no children.

Mr. Sanders, a poor man, is slated by fate to follow the wealthiest secretary a President ever had. Bascom Slemp is rated by his friends a millionaire. He has gone in much for Washington society, entertaining lavishly. He has even used the Presidential yacht *Mayflower* for some of his more formal dinners. Being a bachelor, he has entertained largely at the clubs and hotels. Mr. Slemp was ambitious to enter the Cabinet as a further step in both his political and social career, but, the opportunity not presenting itself, he is returning to the practise of law.

Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Sanders have not been close friends. They have had considerable contact recently, for Mr. Sanders has been a member of the steering committee of the public, and his contact with the President was necessary. Mr. Sanders served as chairman of the speakers' bureau of the Republican national committee under Chairman Butler, and is supposed to have had the latter's backing for the new place. It is known now that Mr. Coolidge spoke to Mr. Sanders about coming to the White House as long ago as December 1.

President Coolidge, the *Chicago Evening Post* observes, has a tendency to make too great a draft upon the reservoir of strength in his "slight but wiry frame." It is of much concern to the country that he should be free from needless friction. The position of the secretary to the President has therefore become one of first importance. Much of the wear and strain which the nation's chief executive must undergo may be mitigated, and much of his time and energy may be conserved by a super-secretary. What this really means is described vividly by the *Detroit Free Press*:

A Secretary of State may be called upon to exercise diplomacy, but nothing to the diplomacy essential to successful operation of the office of secretary to the President. He is the open door to the President's mind. It is through him that appointment must be made. He is the buffer who absorbs the shocks and as a shock-absorber he must indicate no resulting soreness on his own account. He is the President's eyes, ears and other senses combined.

The Secretary must be able to determine the relative importance of men clamoring for personal contact with the President. He must know how to say "no" in such a manner that it will seem as alluring as "yes," and if there is any rough work to be done, he is called upon to do that also.

Everett Sanders is likely to be fully as efficient as his predecessor, C. Bascom Slemp, in the opinion of the Washington correspondents. As a matter of fact, we are informed by *The World*, his appointment was in no small degree engineered by Mr. Slemp, in consultation with Senator Butler and Frank W. Stearns. In view of Mr. Slemp's hearty recommendation, a curious sidelight is brought out by papers like the *Philadelphia Record* and the *Brooklyn Eagle*. Says *The Eagle*: "The

offer of the secretaryship to Mr. Slemp and his acceptance of the offer were hailed with suppressed delight by the big interests in soft-coal mining, and by their allies in big business." On the other hand, two of Mr. Sanders's brothers are coal-miners! One of them, Bert, works in the mines six days a week, and has taken his father's place in the little Baptist Mission Church near Coalmont, on Sundays. Another brother, according to the *Providence Journal*, also works in the mines, and both belong to the Mine Workers of America.

In spite of the fact that Mr. Slemp has so far failed of a Cabinet position, there is already talk that Mr. Sanders has been promised a Cabinet position later on. This is mentioned among other papers by the *New York Evening World*. Otherwise, it is argued, he would not have accepted a post which carries no more salary than the \$7,500 a year he was already getting as Congressman. There are, of course, people in Washington, as David Lawrence observes in the *Washington Star*, who regard the President's private secretary, under present conditions, as of infinitely more importance than the average Cabinet officer. He really, in their view, has become a sort of Assistant President. In any case, agree the political wiseacres, Mr. Everett K. Sanders runs a very good chance of being an important political figure in Washington for some time to come.

THE REAL DAVY CROCKETT—POLITICIAN, BEAR-HUNTER, HERO

KISSING babies as a political stunt goes back at least a century in American politics. That it was originated by the backwoods' most intrepid bear-hunter, who was also author of the saying, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," might seem to many candidates of the present day almost too appropriate. The career of this genius who entered Congress one hundred years ago, as the Magnavox of his day, and was the supposed author of four crudely witty books, has largely been forgotten in its political and literary aspect. He still remains the American archetype of the dead-shot pioneer backwoodsman, and the children's hero.

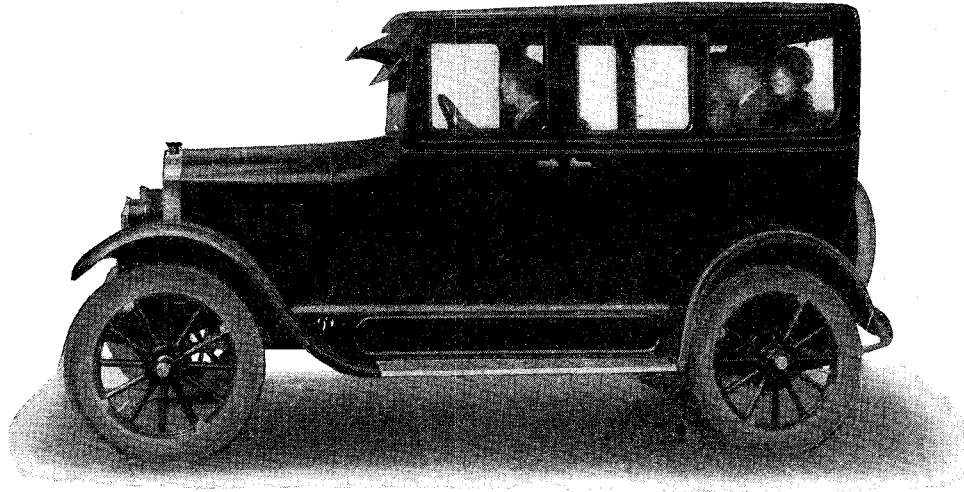
Davy Crockett was one of the most astounding personages of the gaudy, noisy, hot-tempered, pistol-toting era of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren. So we gather from a sketch by Chester T. Crowell in *The American Mercury*, which may signalize a renewed interest in the life and writings of this uncouth philosopher. Every small boy knows that he wore a fringed buckskin hunting-shirt, killed a hundred and five bears in a year (seventeen one week), and was slaughtered in 1836 at the Alamo massacre, fighting like a Berserker for the Lone Star State of Texas.

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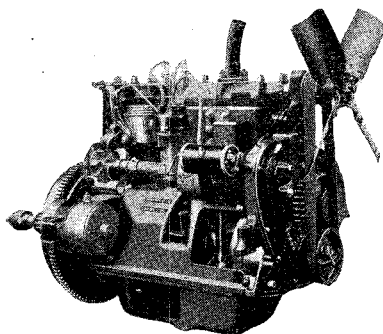
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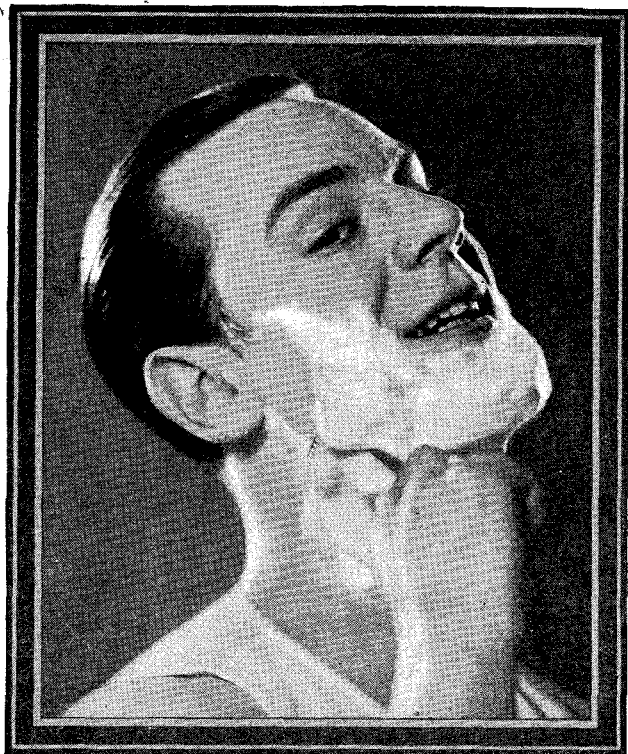
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Roadster	\$540
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He says his beard is a music-box cylinder

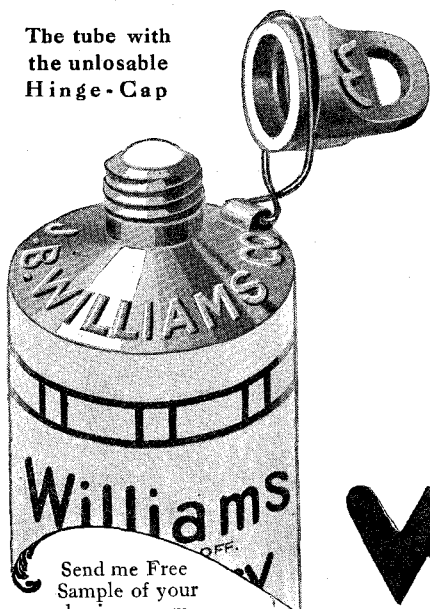
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

by this shrewd, unlettered Tennessee pioneer. The extent to which he appears as an associate of the soundest minds in Congress is fantastic. Among the mysteries of politics, says Mr. Crowell, is how this professional bear-hunter, with his cynic wit, happened to be so straight-thinking on the national economic issues of his day. The political development in his record constitutes a real testimony for democratic government. This is all the more astonishing after the picture the writer paints of Davy's "rough-neck" entrance into politics. By the way, he appears to have originated that expression.

Born in 1786, of Irish and American descent, he had early become noted even in the backwoods of Tennessee as a dead-shot, and a fearless "ba'r-hunter." At eighteen, we are told, he "learned his letters" while working as a plowhand, married shortly afterward, moved West, and "fit with Andy Jackson" when the Creek Indians went on the warpath. He confessed quite frankly he was "skeered a'most to fits," but he served with distinction and came home something of a hero. So much so that in the next frontier community to which he moved he was appointed a sort of magistrate, altho at this time "Davy had never read so much as one page of a law book, nor even a newspaper." Naturally he was much annoyed when the State, after recognizing him as a judge, required him to issue written warrants and keep records. Fortunately, his constable could both read and write, and pulled him through. Here is Mr. Crowell's picture of backwoods politics in the days of "Old Hickory." He says of Davy:

In 1821 he offered himself as a candidate for the Tennessee Legislature, solely for the sport of running, "which was a bran-fire new business to me." "It now became necessary," he wrote years afterward in his autobiography, "that I should tell the people something about the government and an eternal sight of other things that I knowed nothing about." On his first attempt to speak in public he "choked up" but managed to baffle his opponent by leading the crowd away with the remark: "I'm dry as a powder-horn and I think its time for all of us to wet our whistles." A delegation called upon him to present a proposal to change a county line and ask him to state his position. "There's no devil," he wrote, "if I knowed what this meant, and so I kept dark, going on the identical same plan that I now find is called non-committal." He was elected by a large majority. Again and again he was elected. As a campaigner he says that all feared him, as indeed they might. Listen to this: "I would have me a large buckskin hunting-shirt made with a couple of pockets holding about a peek each; in one I would carry a great big twist of tobacco and in the other my bottle of liquor; for I knowed when I met a man and offered him a dram he would throw out his quid of tobacco, and after he had taken



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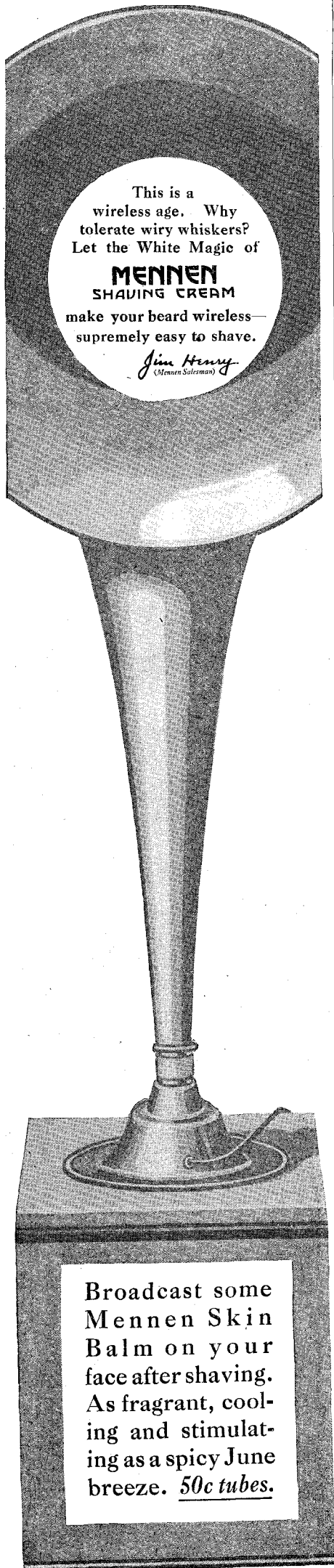
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

his horn I would out with my twist and give him another chew. And in this way he would not be worse off than when I found him."

As to what happened when the Legislature met or what he thought of its deliberations, Davy left us no record. He entered all of his political combats save one without a platform. In 1824, during his third term in the Tennessee Legislature, various delegations came to ask him to run for Congress. "I told the people I couldn't stand that; it was a step above my knowledge, and I knew nothing about Congress matters." Nevertheless, they forced him into the race, and he was defeated. He gives the following reason: "But Providence was a little against me in this hunt, for it was the year that cotton brought twenty-five dollars a hundred, and so Colonel Alexander would get up and tell the people it was all the good effect of this tariff law; that it had raised the price of their cotton, and that it would raise the price of everything else they made to sell. I might as well have sung psalms over a dead horse, for they knowed their cotton had raised sure enough and if the Colonel hadn't done it, they didn't know what had."

But he suspected that the tariff had not actually raised the price, so he waited patiently. At the end of Colonel Alexander's term it was down to six dollars a hundred. Immediately Davy decided to "take another hunt," and this time he was elected. His platform seems to have been confined to the single proposition that if Colonel Alexander had raised the price of cotton, he must also have lowered it.

About this time must have occurred the famous episode of the coon-skin. On attempting to treat a crowd of his supporters, he discovered he had neither money nor credit. Embarrassed but undefeated, he skipt out back into the woods, shot and skinned a coon, and flung the raw hide down on the counter. Coon-skins were cash at the time. Then watching where this skin was deposited, Davy waited till the landlord was busy, and snaked it off the pile. He is said to have flung this same coon-skin down on the counter ten separate times to the huge delight of his gang. The host was a Yankee who had often boasted that no one could get ahead of him. Davy related with gusto how he won the crowd because they "reckoned any one who could git ahead of a Yankee in a fair trade was the man for them in Congress." So this man who by now was famed far and wide as a fearless bear-hunter, in a day when bear-hunting was reckoned the most extreme form of danger, departed for Washington. And here apparently came the change which turned a somewhat "wuthless" local celebrity into a prototype of pioneer America. Says Mr. Crowell:

Davy's first term in Congress, with John Quincy Adams in the White House, merely entertained him, but when Andrew Jackson was inaugurated in 1829 so many things happened in rapid succession that—to his own astonishment—he began to feel a

serious interest in public affairs. President Jackson did whatever he pleased, and answered his critics by saying: "I will take the responsibility." That sort of procedure was new and startling, and so, when Davy spoke of Jackson as "the Government," millions laughed. Old Andrew was obviously grooming Martin Van Buren to be his successor, and that was also something new. Davy called Van Buren "the little flying Dutchman," and again the people roared. Thus Congressman Crockett, within a very short time, became the nation's favorite wool-hat wit. For fourteen years thereafter he was a power in politics, whether elected or defeated. No politician since his day has ever so unmercifully caricatured politics and politicians; he did not even spare himself. At a time when men in public life quaked at the mere mention of Jackson's name, Davy lampooned him with the crude humor of a Tennessee backwoodsman. Nor was that humor always crude. In some unaccountable manner this backwoodsman could understand simple economics, and soon he found himself associated with the soundest minds in Congress.

That was a day when the issue of sound money or paper offered the demagog his ever-recurring opportunity to bellow for the peepul and paper. But Davy stood for sound money. Grafters were rampant in high places and he called them what they were. Federal funds were being scattered among small, insecure country banks; he denounced the business grotesquely, but devastatingly. Public lands were being disposed of on questionable terms; he spoke against it without mercy and without grammar, but with abundant wit. The conservative East thus liked him, even if he was a professional bear-hunter. Just how he happened to be sound on all these economic questions remains among the mysteries of politics, but the record proves that he was. New England marveled and applauded. He was all the more a hero because every one knew that Tennessee worshiped Jackson.

But it also appears to have worshiped Davy. At times every lawyer and editor in his district fought him. Occasionally he was licked, but he always kept on scrapping, and another year he would be reelected. He was proud of his prestige at home and in Congress, but he did not realize that he had become a national figure, says the writer, until April, 1834. Then he set out to see the big cities of the East on what proved to be a triumphal tour.

He innocently related how glad the hotel men seemed to meet him. He rode "seventeen miles in fifty-five minutes" on a railway train, and was horrified at his inability to spit out of the window. In Philadelphia crowds were waiting for him, and he was banqueted continuously. At the theater he thought some of the things said were unfit for ladies to hear, and he wondered why each fiddler played a separate tune. The stiff dancing of the East displeased him with its formality. The writer continues with this quotation from Davy:

"I do not think from all I saw that the people enjoyed themselves better than we do at a country frolic, where we dance till daylight and pay off the score by giving one in our own turn. It would do you good to see our boys and girls dancing. None of your straddling, mincing, sadying;

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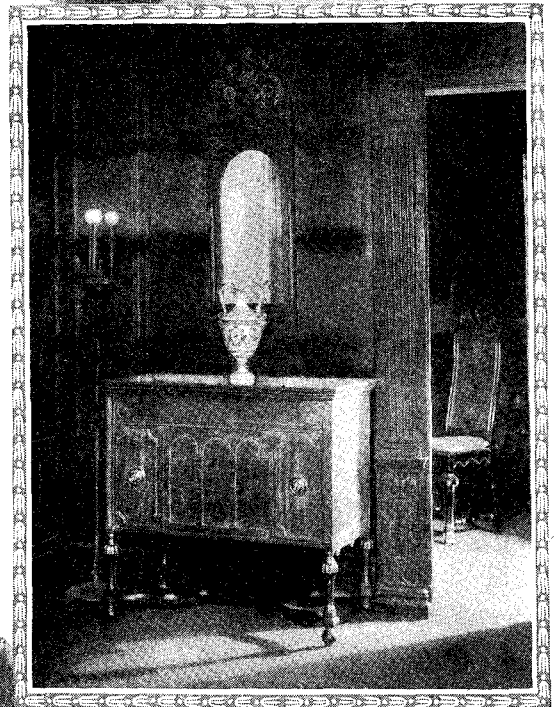
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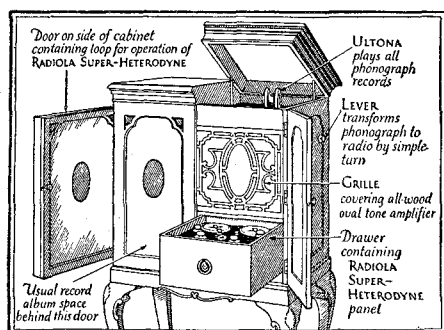
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES Continued

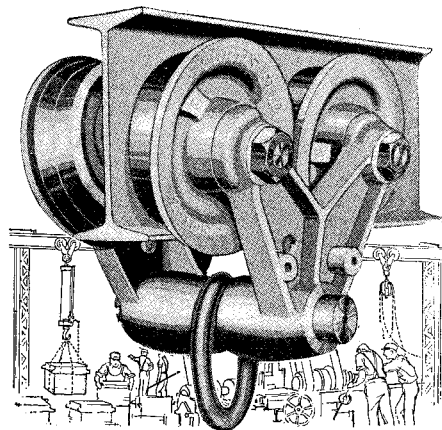
but a regular sifter, cut-the-buckle, chicken-flutter set-to. When one of our boys puts his arm around his partner, it is a good hug and no harm in it." In Philadelphia, Davy was presented with a gold watch-charm that "cost thirty dollars," and a rifle that he declared could not be excelled in the world. He and that rifle perished together at San Antonio less than two years later.

New adventures awaited him in New York. He nearly broke up one reception in his honor by dashing wildly to the door on hearing a fire-alarm. His host explained that professional fire-fighters were hired to attend to such business, but he was ill at ease during the remainder of the evening. Conscience told him that he should be helping a neighbor in distress.

Finally, he took ship for Boston, and, being told that the following morning would find him out of sight of land, rose before sunrise to verify the fact. On the ship he was constantly the center of pawing crowds. All of New England delighted him, especially the factories employing women. He was stoutly in favor of women having plenty of useful work. At the banquets "champagne foamed up as if you were supping fog out of speaking-trumpets." The East, he thought, was amazingly populated with "patriotic citizens bent on eating a dinner for the good of their country." Evidences of gambling displeased him, however, for he believed there was only one lawful and gentlemanly bet, "a quart of whisky on a rifle shot." New England's stone fences made him wonder what sort of cows the people had; his own would have gone over them almost without effort.

Meanwhile he had a chicken-flutter set-to with art in the effete East. For instance: "I did not like the statue of General Washington in the State House. They have a Roman gown on him, and he was an American; this ain't right." On being invited to visit Harvard, he was in a panic and declined the invitation with scant politeness. He spoke of the university as "a place where they keep ready-made titles or nicknames to give people." If he should come off with an LL.D., he felt certain that Tennessee would translate it "lazy, lounging dunce." Harvard probably had no designs upon him, but Davy was being mentioned for the Presidency, and could not afford to take chances. By now his sporting attitude toward politics had begun to desert him, and he was desperately alarmed about the future of the country. For instance, at Bunker Hill, "I felt as if I wanted to call them up, and ask them to tell me how to help to protect the liberty they bought for us with their blood." That sentiment sealed his doom as a politician.

Had Davy begun to take himself too seriously? At any rate he was snowed under at the next election. Tennessee still loved him, but he wouldn't let her vote for him and Old Hickory too. He implored his people to stand by the Constitution and stand by the Ship of State. Davy Crockett, says the writer, was out of his rôle. "They concluded that he had spent too many years in Washington, learned too much about Congress matters, and wasn't funny any more." As soon



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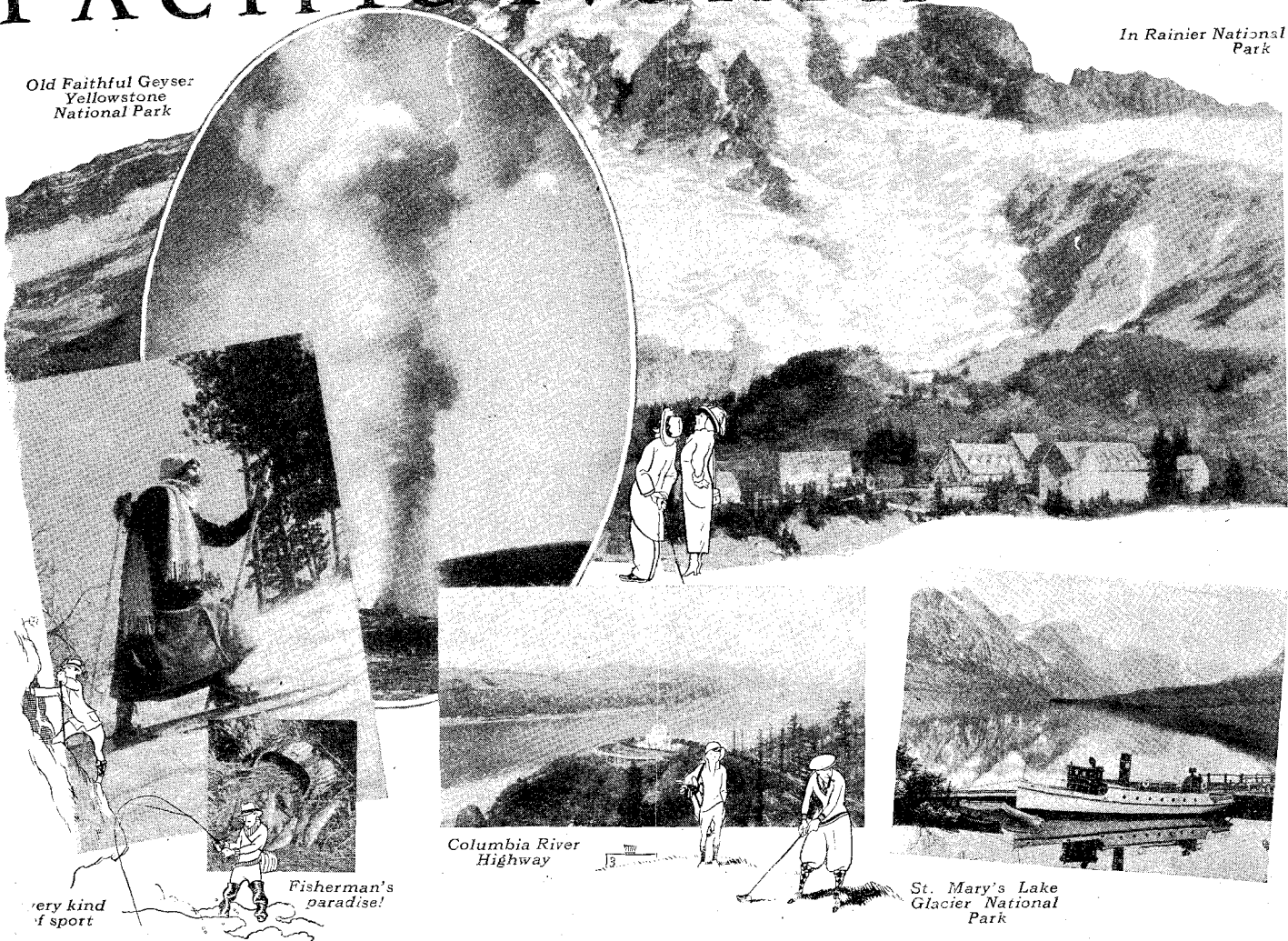
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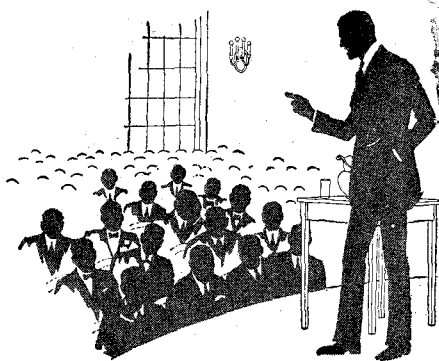
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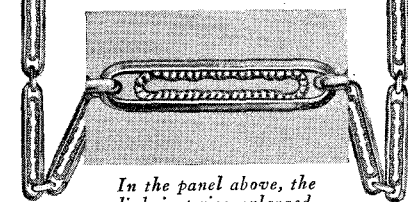
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In the panel above, the link is twice enlarged.

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

and tundra vibrated to the thousands of hoofs. The reindeer had come.

The flats of Buckland River extend out from the mainland like a bottle's neck, making the gathering of the animals comparatively easy. Immediately the deer crossed the narrow neck of land a wire fence, already prepared, was raised behind and cut off their escape. The work of the herders then was to prevent the reindeer, in their mad rushes, breaking the fences. Our white tents also helped to keep the deer at a distance.

Cunningly concealed over the brow of a hill was a corral of spruce brought from far up the river. When everything was ready several of us lined up, holding at intervals to a long strip of burlap cloth which we used as an animated fence, cutting out two or three hundred from the main herd and rushing them into this corral. From here they dribbled outward through chutes to the handlers, and there the fun really began—the center of the stage. Here the owners, fifty Eskimos and two or three white men, waited to greet their property and make sure of their percentage in the allotment of fawns.

The native method of marking reindeer is by notches and slices on the ears. Imagine fifty shapes and combinations of such notches being distinct and different enough to settle a question of ownership. "Surely I will see some lively scrapping here," I thought. The first reindeer to come through was a trim little mouse-colored fawn.

"Ukalasuk—one female fawn," the chief herder sung out. The fawn was grabbed by its forelegs and borne swiftly to the ground. With a movement deft and quick three circular notches were cut in one ear, a triangular slash in the other, and Ukalasuk's fawn went racing away through the scrub willows.

Three adult females came next and were allowed to pass unheeded through the gate. A single glance at their wide-spreading, notched ears was enough for Hatta, the Lapp chief herder. "Tommy Carter, Nasharluk, Lomen Company," he called out to the man at the books as they fled past.

There was a commotion up at the narrowing entrance leading into the chutes from the corral. A clattering and stamping of hoofs, the sudden staccato rattling of antlers against the spruce uprights, and with a rush a sleek-coated, high-stepping buck reindeer came tearing down the length of the narrow way to the open gate leading out into the tundra and freedom. There was blood in this fellow's eye. Just when it seemed that he would make his escape, the gates closed quickly. Two hundred-odd pounds of magnificent flesh slammed vainly against the barrier.

"Ketchum pukmummy—(quick)," sang out the almond-eyed gate-tender excitedly. Tommy Carter, an Eskimo boy of not over seventeen years, grasped the point of the left antler. "Let him go," he said, quietly. The gate was opened. Into the open bounded the buck with Tommy hanging to the antler.

Things happened. There was a flurry of dust; a blurred vision of flying hoofs, sharp as razors, fanning the air around Tommy's head; a sudden twisting snap of the proud antlered head. When the dust cleared the buck lay on its side breathing heavily, eyes bulging in surprise, while

Tommy sat astride his neck as tho nothing had ever happened. Calmly he unsnapped his pocket-knife and nicked his ownership on the fallen monarch's ears. It was quite the prettiest bit of work I had ever seen, and the natural, nonchalant manner of it made the feat all the more impressive.

The work went on swiftly, smoothly, and systematically. Four kinds of reindeer were recognized: adult males, adult females, yearlings, and fawns. Most of the adults were allowed to pass unheeded through the chutes on the run. Infrequently some mild dispute arose over earmarks, distorted, perhaps, by a frostbite or torn by the scrub willows. There was no "scrapping."

New lots were cut from the main herd on the flats and run into the corral as the others moved through the chutes past the handlers. With a roaring crescendo of thundering hoofs great clouds of choking, blinding dust would rise, and with a rush the newcomers would sweep in. The fawns grunted loudly in terror as they lost their mothers in the swirling dust. With eyes ablaze the parent animal coughed harshly as she sought her baby. Antlers clattered together like rollicking schoolboys rattling sticks along a picket-fence. The heavy breathing could be heard a quarter-mile.

Gradually the different noises were hushed. Dust slowly settled. Mothers found their fawns and came to rest in the center of the herd for a grand reunion, while solemnly and majestically round the edge of the herd marched the old bulls on guard.

News of the round-up traveled with incredible speed to every little fish-camp and village along the shores of Kotzebue Sound. "Mukluk Wireless," the white men called this news service. In other words, you tell everybody you meet and they tell everybody they meet—pretty soon everybody knows. In skin-boats propelled by sail, hand, and asthmatic outboard engines they came, and with them came hosts of children and dogs. "Plenty we eat now," one old Eskimo confided in me as tho he were letting me in on something good.

This new industry of Alaska is only in its childhood, but is much needed to help conserve the food supply of this more or less barren country, and not a few predict that it will largely help at some future time to feed the ever-increasing millions of the world. At any rate, in Alaska the question of cold storage for this meat is easily solved. All any one has to do is to dig a hole in the ground and there is the refrigerator plant ready. As we read:

Fat steers were killed and placed in cold storage. Cold storage is right, for here we had but to tear away the grass roots to expose clear, blue ice beneath. The whole country was a great, flat glacier with but a film of vegetation atop of it. Several shafts had been sunk into this ice for a few feet and chambers hollowed out to accommodate as many reindeer as we needed. Here I wish to submit for entry in the epicurean hall of fame a fresh reindeer steak chilled for a few hours in this nature's ice cave before broiling over a bed of willow coals.

Even the bones brought their measure of good cheer and happiness. Toothless old squaws, faces puckered like dried apples, sat around on their haunches and pounded and sucked marrow bones in noisy contentment.

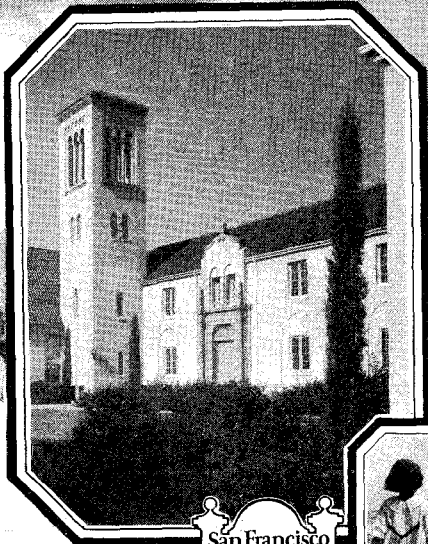
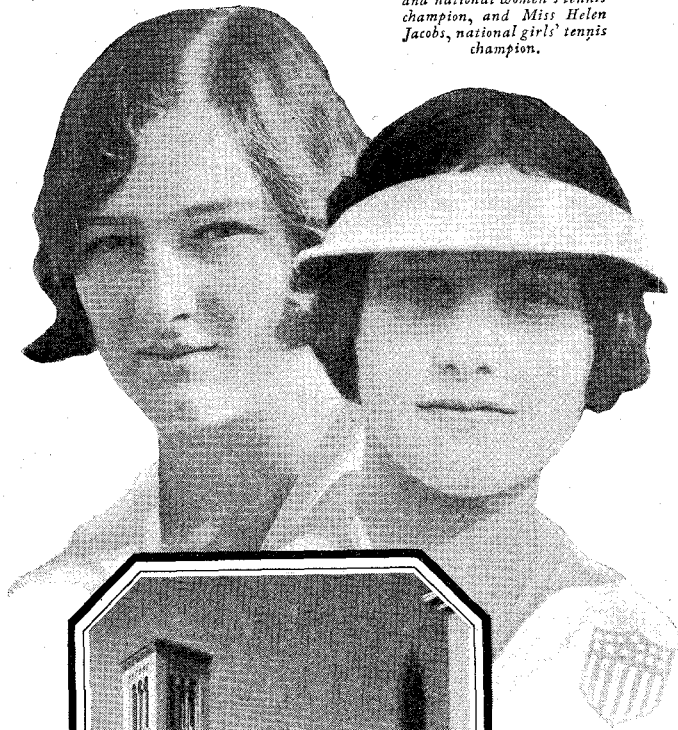
Up at the corral the work proceeded to a conclusion without a hitch. Reindeer came through the gate and were handled at the

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sport belongs to all the people, and is played all through the year.

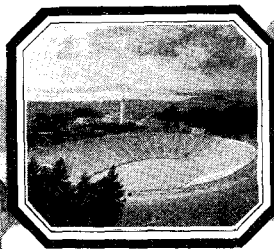
So it is throughout California's magnificent Central Valley. You will find swimming pools and golf courses in tiny towns, or even out in the country, and everywhere willingness to work hard when work is to be done and to play with equal enthusiasm when opportunity offers.

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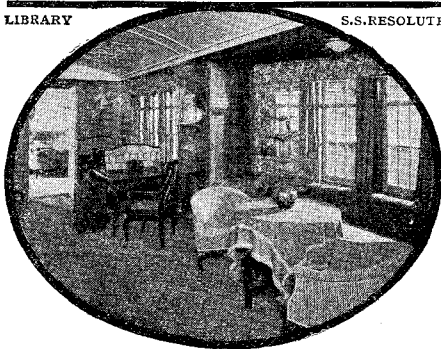
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

rate of one hundred and forty-four to the hour. There was no waste movement; no friction. Those Eskimos, working under white-man supervision, performed like a well-oiled machine. An efficiency expert could have curled himself up in the shade and gone blissfully to sleep for all the good he could have done. On the fourth day the last of that big herd slipped out through the chutes to join their vanishing relatives on the distant slopes. Next day not a reindeer was in sight. They were all back in the hills splitting up again into little bands to forage and roam another full year in the happy, wild freedom of the silent places.

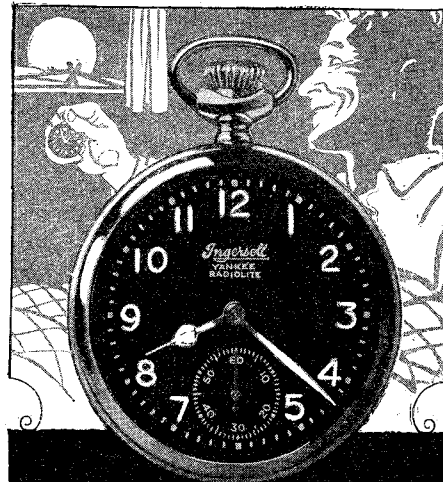
It would make nice reading to say that the days of handling them by antiquated methods are over—but they are not. Of the one hundred or so reindeer herds in Alaska there are only eight with modern corrals with chutes leading out to the handlers. All the rest use the roping method. It is true that brush corrals or wings are sometimes built to confine the reindeer while roping, but this does not in the least detract from the barbarity of the thing. In the constricted space of a small corral the reindeer injure themselves even more than they would on an open range.

With the stoic Eskimo, blind to changes of any kind, we must indeed "make haste slowly." This Buckland round-up won over every native who attended, and the adoption of an improved method of round-up by these stockmen of the Alaska tundras marks a new era in the progress of reindeer-raising—Alaska's sturdiest infant industry

BIRD'S "CONNECTING LINK" FOUND

"THE most wonderful sight in the world," it seems, is located on the Andros Island in the Bahamas, where the sentence in the old school-rhetoric becomes a reality: "Over the sea see the flaming flamingo flaming go." If any one is looking for something new perhaps the "connecting link" would do as well as anything, and Dr. Hornaday says that you have only to go to Andros to find it. It is not the famous "missing link" of evolutionary fame, but is a connecting link among birds. "Legs like a heron's, feet like a duck's, a neck like a crane's, and a bill with a broken back like a shoveler-duck's"—such is the elegant description of the fast vanishing curio in birds, the flame-colored flamingo, which Dr. Hornaday thinks is "the connecting link" between wading birds and swimmers. Catherine Beach Ely gives a vivid description in *The Nature Magazine* (Washington) of the way the flamingo spoons up his "mud porridge" in his crooked bill. Flamingo tongues were a great delicacy for the weary appetites of the old Romans, and Catherine Ely speaks of the persecution which this brilliantly beautiful and harmless bird has always suffered:

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reservation for these feathered victims of a persecution which has gone on down the ages. Flamingoes' tongues stimulated the jaded appetites of the Romans at their banquets. Their brilliant plumage has been an easy mark for sportsmen and aroused the greed of commercial caterers to milady's chapeau. Their tender flesh tempts the natives. Eviction from stronghold after stronghold has been the price these harmless birds have paid for their attractiveness. But at last the Government protects them.

The flame-colored flamingo excels in oddity, distinction and color. His small body set high on slim legs, his aquiline profile, long swanlike neck and gorgeous plumage make him extremely decorative. His rose-red wing feathers are offset by black quills. Naturally the male flamingo, according to the rule in birdland, is the showy member of the family, the female contenting herself with pale pink, and the young appearing in inconspicuous brown when they are old enough to run around, tho they are born pure white.

Everything about the flamingo is odd. His bent beak ladles up the mollusks, worms, small fishes and seed which float in the watery mud of his habitat like noodles in soup. Fine transverse ridges in his upper and lower mandibles and little bony spines on his tongue enable him to hang on to what he gets. He stalks about in the salty ooze of the marsh, stirring up the water with his webbed feet. He turns his head upside down, spoons up his mud porridge, sifts it through his bill, retaining whatever appeals to him, then raises his long, slim neck and swallows the tidbits with gusto. Flamingoes' nests are as peculiar looking as the birds themselves. To avoid rising water they mold mud cones a foot high, more or less, and hollow them at the apex to accommodate one or two eggs—usually one.

Dr. Hornaday describes the flamingo's voice as "fearfully and wonderfully made, a rasping blast like a large tin horn blown by an amateur." Others characterize it as a "goose-like honk" or a "deep nasal voice."

Owing to his small body the flamingo does not look the five or six feet he actually measures from the tip of his beak to his toes. He frequently carries his neck in the form of a letter s, but when on the alert he raises it like a tall coral vase. In flying each flamingo follows the end of his beak, spreads his flaming wings and trails his legs straight behind him, making a picturesque silhouette against the sky. The flamingo's sunset plumage, his unique contours, his unusual habits, and the strange, lonely, hot regions he inhabits make him a bird of mystery, fascinating to sportsmen and scientists. In color and originality of form he leads birdland's elite. He puzzled ornithologists for a long time, but they have fixt a pedigree for him, assigning to him a distinct order (Odontoglossæ), his name being nearly as long as he is.

The color of the flamingo flames highest in a tropic setting. In captivity, at the first moult, the glow of the wings, the brilliant pink of the body and neck fade white, with only a flicker here and there of former fires. Captive flamingoes live on dried shrimps, boiled rice and cubes of stale bread served in water. Dr. Hornaday says that, since their last flamingoes died, it has been impossible so far for the New York Zoological Garden to obtain others, as very few come into the bird market. He adds that when they settle down in captivity, they get along very well.

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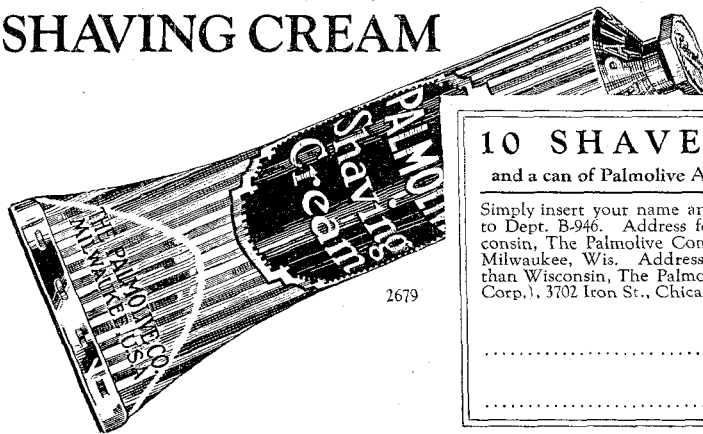
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

called on the flamingoes in 1902 on the Andros Island, he was received, after much difficulty in getting an introduction, by seven hundred birds keeping house on a mud flat furnished with two thousand mud nests, located near a lagoon. He pronounced it "the most wonderful sight in the bird world." Flamingo-flocks used to visit Florida, but they were too attractive to survive covetous bird-slayers.

We will visit a flamingo colony set like a flaming garden by a pale lagoon. A fine male looks the world in the face, upright on vermilion stilt-like legs. Nature has painted his beak vermilion, white and black and dashed a little black against the fire of his wings. Near by a flamingo, standing on the edge of the nest, combs its back feathers with a twist of the slender snake-like neck. Another undulates the neck to feed a little one. Bending long legs under its body, one sits on the nest, while a fifth, standing on one leg, stretches its head on the looped neck back to the parting between the wings; each of these poses makes a study in line and color for an artist. Some of the colony are building their nests. They shovel up the mud with their bills and slap it into shape with their webbed feet. Here and there in the hollow of a nest is a big bluish-white egg, or a young one. Little ones, who have not yet come into their heritage of beauty, step about in their brown suits, feeding on spiral shells. A flock of flamingoes in flight is tracing a line of fire now straight, now curving, against the sky.

SOME OF BRUIN'S ODD TRAITS

THE story is told of an old Chinaman working around a lumber-camp, who saw a huge brown bear sniffing at his tracks in the snow. "Huh," he gasped, "You like my tracks? I makee some more," and this he proceeded to do with great celerity. That is the general notion of the correct thing to do when meeting a bear on an unexpectedly sudden turn in the woods, but people who know bears well say that usually the bear is much more anxious to retire to a more secluded spot than any man can be. C. H. Park in *American Forests and Forest Life* (Washington) says the bears are the "Clowns of the Forest," and tells the story of the little black bruin who amused himself in Mr. Park's garden by staging a sham battle with the cabbages, and won without opposition from any one:

When a boy, my mother once told me to repair a break in the garden fence, since the pigs were evidently getting in and destroying the cabbages and carrots. Taking the ax and carefully going around the entire fence, I soon came to the conclusion that the porkers were innocent, and that some other animal was guilty. Bears were plentiful that spring and the tracks in the soft soil of the garden showed that one of them was responsible for the loss of our garden truck.

Now I had killed and skinned a black bear before I was fourteen years old, and the sight of those skinned-out paws forever quenched my enthusiasm for slaughtering bears. So that bear must be chased

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out of our garden or there would be a shortage of vegetables for the coming winter. I decided to give the bear such a scare that he would not return. He had no business in the garden, anyway. There was plenty of forage outside for him to make a good living without taking the lazy way of robbing a settler's garden patch. So I lay in wait for the marauder evenings, mornings, and—yes, noons, too—until finally, late one August evening, I spied the bear, a two-year-old.

Apparently, he had had his fill of supper, for he had stopt eating and was playing like a young puppy with an overabundance of animal spirits. He would rush at a cabbage head and, standing on his hind legs, box it around until it was demolished. Then he would roll over and over, crushing everything flat. Next he would stand still and look slyly around, all the while sniffing the air for a taint of the owner whose garden he was so diligently destroying. He kept this up for fully a half hour, while I, too completely absorbed in watching him, made no effort to stop the damage he was doing.

Finally waking up to the fact that the bear was leaving, I jumped on the fence and yelled at the top of my voice. That lovable black rascal changed time into distance at an astonishing rate, while I ran after him, letting out blood-curdling yells that surely would have frightened his most ferocious ancestor. The bear never returned to our garden, but he did transfer his one-ring circus to our neighbor's, a half-mile away.

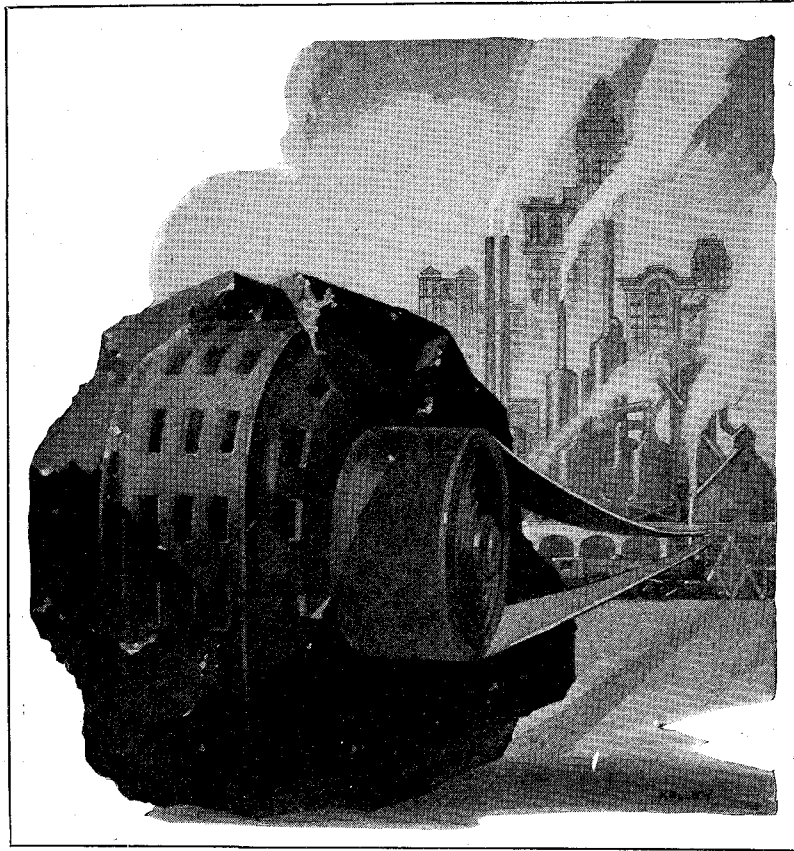
From that time, the black bear has been to me the happy-go-lucky clown of the forest. For him I have the greatest affection and admiration. Having been a Westerner all my life, I have studied and observed wild animals under many opportune conditions, but I believe it was the unusual opportunity to study the black bear that really induced me to become a Forest Fire Lookout at the top of Sour Dough Mountain, in the heart of one of Uncle Sam's national forests in western Washington. The lonesome life, the hard and dangerous work, and the small pay which the position offered became secondary. Nor was I disappointed in my "bear" expectations, for during my stay on Old Sour Dough Mountain I saw many bears, both black and brown—as many as seven in one day—and my experiences served to confirm my early impressions.

The incidents here set down are of actual occurrences coming under my own personal observation. They are given with the hope that a more intimate and sympathetic understanding than at present exists may be created of this many-sided citizen of our wilds.

One autumn forenoon, while ascending a long ridge leading to the summit of Old Sour Dough, a black bear appeared above me on the north side of the ridge. It was about nine o'clock and the bear was enjoying his morning meal. He would strip a few huckleberries from the bushes with his mouth, eating twigs and leaves right along with the berries, utterly oblivious to the fact that he was getting a liberal allowance of rubbish along with his fine breakfast of fruit.

Mr. Park thinks that the bear is proud of his size and marks the trees with his measure of height, and thus warns other bears not to trespass on his domain of berries:

Now and then he would stop eating and roll over and over on the soft mountain meadow sod. Then he would sidle up to a tree, turn his back to it, and standing on his hind legs, stretch himself to his utmost and



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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

rub the back of his head against the rough bark, or he would turn his face to the tree and bite off a piece of bark. Sometimes he varied the act by knocking off a piece of bark and scratching the tree with his strong sharp claws as high as he could reach. I had heard of this queer habit of bears before, but this was the only time I actually caught one practising the game of showing other bears that might visit his neighborhood that he was a big bear now, and that trespassers on his berry preserve had better beware.

I was within long gunshot, and as I worked carefully toward him, keeping on the opposite side of the ridge, I came within easy rifle range. There was no wish to kill the bear, but I did want, if possible, to get his picture. As I peeked over the ridge, the bear suddenly pointed his long, keen nose in my direction, and after taking a sniff or two, he fairly tumbled down the steep hillside in his great hurry to reach cover.

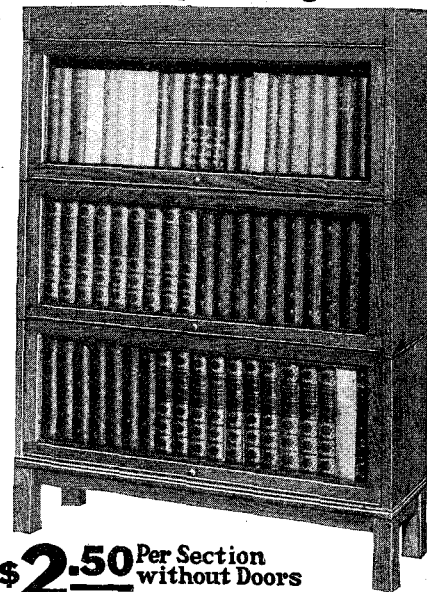
On another occasion, when locating a trail in a remote part of the country, I noticed that a trap line had been marked or "blazed" along the upper reaches of Little Beaver Creek. The trapper had been catching marten, and had used snowshoes to follow up his trap line in the dead of winter. The snow had been deep and the trapper's guiding ax-marks were from seven to ten feet from the ground. I had remarked the enormous tracks made by a gigantic bear in many places along the soft creek bed. The big brute had methodically placed his "mark" on each tree blazed by the trapper, and in every instance his deep scratches were well above the ax blaze, in spite of their height from the ground.

This bear made well-defined tracks on the thickly carpeted forest floor, where a 180-pound ranger made scarcely an impression with his steel-studded shoes. Personally I had no desire to meet him at close quarters, since I carried no gun. He may not have been a black bear, but a grizzly, or silver tip, as they are termed by the mountaineers, since they do sometimes cross to the west side of the Cascade Mountains or come down from British Columbia; or he may have been an overgrown brown bear, which is nothing more than a brown black bear. In other words, the black and brown bears belong to the same species, since a black mother may have a brown cub or the other way about.

But, whether the bear was brown, black, or grizzly, it would be interesting to know the big bear's reasons for so plainly showing his size and strength in re-marking the trapper's blazed trees. Was he defying the pigmy human that had invaded his domain? Perhaps he was ignorant that a man had done the work he wished to excel, and he wished to show a rival or, as he might choose to consider it, a trespasser on his chosen feeding grounds, that his territory was not to be lightly trifled with. Or was he showing some prospective lady-love his prodigious size and prowess?

In locating another trail on the forest, with a ranger for company, an old she-bear of great size was surprised in a burn. She had two very small cubs, and as we rushed the old bear, shouting and yelling, the poor mother left her little ones in great fright. We hurried up to the cubs. One immediately ambled to my feet and commenced to climb my trouser leg, whining anxiously. The other cub, on the contrary, commenced to climb a tree and was almost out

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of reach before the big ranger could grab him by the scruff of the neck. This cub never became docile or affectionate. With the kindest of treatment and plenty of food, he never got over his truculent and beligerent attitude. He seemed in a perpetual state of ill-temper. He would snap, growl, and attempt to bite with his baby teeth or scratch with his sharp little claws at every opportunity. The other one became tame and affectionate at once. It seemed to like fondling and soon became a great pet, snuggling into one's arms just as a kitten would under similar circumstances. It continued in that spirit of good humor until grown, and the other one just as consistently remained stubborn and savage.

It was but a short time after we had so heartlessly robbed the bear mother that the little cubs became ravenously hungry. We had nothing with which to feed them except condensed milk, which, diluted with about three parts of lukewarm water, seemed a very satisfactory substitute for that furnished them by their mother. The bad little baby whined, growled, and made a great to-do generally. The good one snuggled up closer and closer, trying to show by every sign possible that it was pleading for its dinner. At first the untamable cub was held by the back of its neck while it was being fed with a spoon. It would eat if forcibly detained from knocking anything about that came near it, be it spoon, hand, or cup of milk. The other one would put up its little mouth and eagerly swallow every drop of milk offered it.

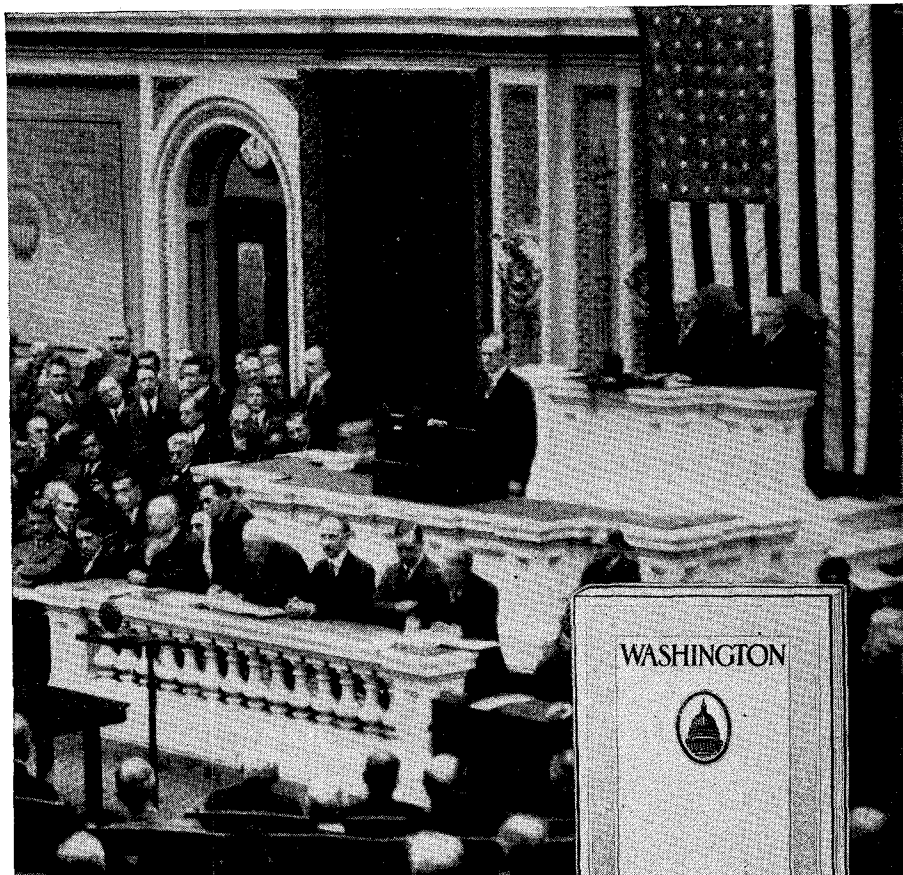
After giving the cubs their dinner, we emptied the contents of one pack into the other's knapsack and, putting the cubs into the empty pack sack, carried them back to camp. Some time in the middle of the night those baby bears woke up and, missing their mother, set up a great noise of complaint. They were hungry again, too, and wanted something to eat. A moving-picture of that big, clumsy, kind-hearted ranger in his shirt-tail, by the light of a single candle, trying to feed those little bundles of fur would make a heart appeal to the most cruel.

Those two cubs were carried on my back for three days, to the nearest railroad station. They were fed with a spoon during that time, but soon learned to feed from a big bottle with a rubber nipple, just as other babies do.

Observations tend to the firm belief that a grown black bear, especially a male, feels a certain dignity, which he must maintain at all costs. Many times, with the wind just right, one may find himself face to face with a bear or very close to him. The bear, instead of beating a precipitate retreat in fear and confusion, will often take his time, stopping dead still and surveying the stranger deliberately, with an attitude that plainly says, "Now that you have found me, what are you going to do about it?"

I remember distinctly meeting a big black bear late one afternoon. Startled, I shouted "Whoof!" in a not overly vigorous tone. The bear just as promptly "whoofed" right back at me. We regarded each other eye to eye for what seemed to me a very long five minutes. Then I took a step backward. I still think I heard his sigh of relief when he saw I meant no hostilities. That I was heartily relieved when he showed himself a thorough sportsman by also taking a backward step can readily be believed. We continued taking steps to the rear until we passed out of sight of each other.

Later I had another experience that showed the black bear's characteristic of "saving his face." This time it was a big



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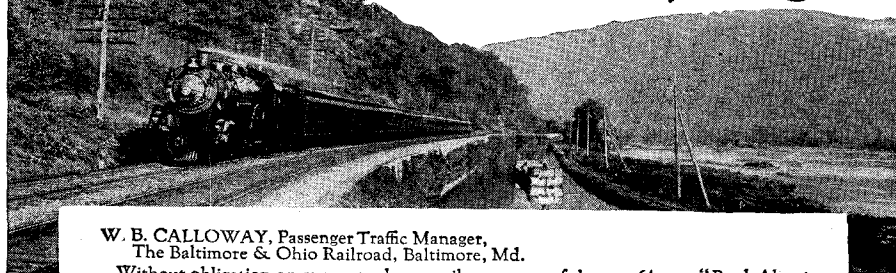
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

brown bear. The trail followed a narrow bench, with high rock-bluffs on one side and the steep banks of a river on the other. The noise of the swiftly rushing water prevented either from hearing the other's approach, and we met, smack face to face, not more than thirty feet apart. There was no opportunity to turn aside, and, utterly forgetting the camera in my hand, so interested was I in observing what the bear would do, I missed the chance of a lifetime for taking a bear picture.

The big brown creature stood very quiet, to all outward appearances absolutely unafraid. He made a calm investigation of me and my outfit, no doubt wondering what new kind of weapon the big camera was. He showed neither fear nor anger. His whole demeanor was that of an amiable curiosity-loving wild animal that wished to learn about strange things without taking undue chances of coming to harm.

One hears many stories of hairbreadth escapes from charging bears. Practically all of these stories, I believe, are based on the fact that when a bear scents danger he attempts a quick get-away, and if one is in his line of retreat the bear is accused of being murderously ferocious. The bear has poor eyesight at best, and when he is frantically running for cover from danger he often runs into peril instead of away from it.

HOW THE BIRDS MEET THEIR LITTLE PROBLEMS

DO ravens think? No, people would say at once; but, if they do not think, how then explain the way that they sometimes cope with new and unforeseen problems of their little lives? Mr. Oliver G. Pike, for instance, a careful English student of bird life, saw a mother and father raven save the lives of their babies in a way that seemed to indicate very efficient thought, and in *The Sphere* (London), he tells what they did:

I was once concealed in my "hide," watching and photographing a pair of ravens at their nest on a wild and desolate crag on the Welsh mountains. Among other things I discovered that they have a language of their own. Several times during the eight hours I spent in my shelter, the parents brought food to their young. Long before the former got to within sight of the nest, the young heard the loud call which told them food was coming. When they heard this they became very excited, ran about the nest, and gave out answering cries. Twice during the day a man passed over the mountains, and the parent raven on guard high over the nest, seeing him, and looking upon the intruder as an enemy, uttered quite a different call. Instantly the three young birds threw themselves flat in the nest, and remained quite motionless until they heard a third cry, which again was different to the others, which told them that the coast was clear. Then they quickly jumped up and were immediately at ease.

This nest was in a very exposed place. After two o'clock in the afternoon the sun, working round, beat down upon it. A

couple of hours later the young were suffering from the great heat. They ran about the ledge just outside the nest, with their beaks open, trying hard to find shelter that was not there. One would endeavor to crawl under its companions to get away from the scorching rays, but it was quickly dislodged by the others. At last they all lay in the nest, with their beaks open, panting. Later, the mother raven returned, and she saw how her babies were suffering. She called her mate, and they seemed to be holding a short consultation, for they stood together and uttered a few low guttural notes. The next minute they both went to a small pool, formed by a thin stream which was dripping down the cliff-side. They now filled the pouches under their beaks with water and took this to their young. Several times the birds went to the pool, and kept taking a supply of this cool liquid until their offspring were more comfortable.

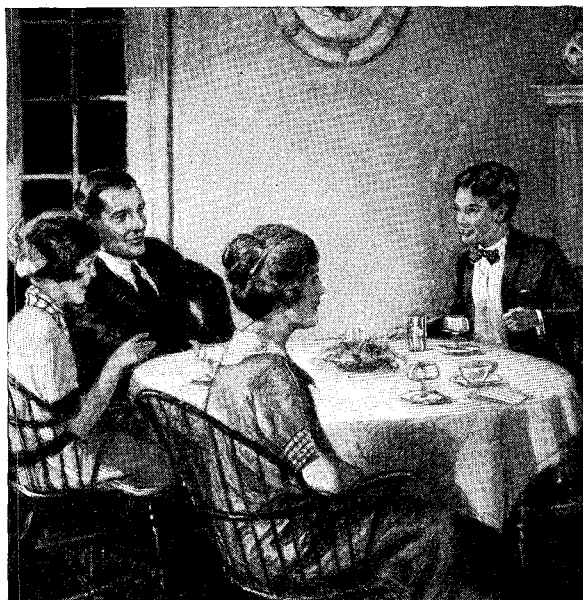
In the ordinary way the ravens would not think of giving their young water while in the nest, for there is plenty of liquid in the food which they supply, but they knew what was needed. The female was able to communicate to her mate that the young required water, and through this their lives were probably saved. Now, here was a problem which had not entered into their daily customs before, but when confronted with it they did not fail to do what was needed.

Life to birds as to humans seems to be "one thing after another" and it keeps them rather busy trying to make everything go as it should. Mr. Pike tells the lamentable story of the plover which had too many eggs to hatch:

On the south coast of England there is a great stretch of shingle. For thousands of years the sea has been receding, leaving behind what is almost a desert of stones. On this beach many interesting birds lay their eggs, dispensing with nests altogether, for the eggs themselves exactly resemble the stones, and are therefore excellently protected. Perhaps the most interesting of all the birds which frequent this bare place is the Kentish plover. From the seclusion of my bird-watching tent I have often looked upon this little plover sitting on its eggs. On one occasion I noticed that the bird frequently left the two eggs on which it was sitting and went to a spot about two yards away and settled, as I thought, on the stones. It spent about a quarter of an hour on the eggs, and about the same time at the other place. I could not understand this strange behavior until I left my hide, when on examining the spot to which it went, I found that there was another egg there! The bird was not able to move this owing to the roughness of the surroundings, but she made a gallant attempt to hatch all three by taking turns to sit upon them, and I found that all were warm. I was not able to find out whether this bird ever succeeded in hatching any of her eggs, but I doubt very much if she did.

This Kentish plover had before her a problem, and a difficult one too, especially if we imagine, as many do, that these small wild birds have no intelligence. But my opinion is that blind instinct would never teach a bird to do a thing like that.

Some modern educators advocate giving early responsibilities to children so that they will become responsible themselves, a theory that seems to be carried out in the case of the birds, for Mr. Pike says the



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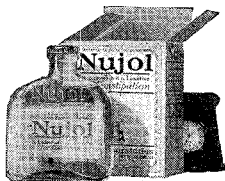
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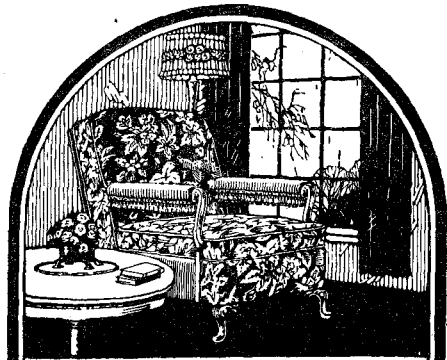


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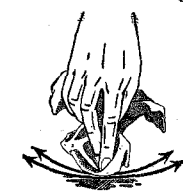
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

birds which have much to contend with are intelligent, and the ones which live an easy life are "dunces," and he tells many stories of great interest in illustration:

Countless years ago the family of birds known as the grebes found that they had difficulty in continuing their race owing to their nests being robbed by egg-eating birds or other robbers. It was necessary that their homes should be protected in some manner, so they learned to cover their eggs with water-weeds when they left. This was a very successful means of protection, and the attractive water-birds increased. On a group of lakes that I know, numbers of great-crested grebes have nested for many years past. Up to a few years ago, about twenty-five or thirty pairs succeeded each summer in rearing a family. During the past three seasons, the large number of coots which also frequent the lakes have discovered that there are eggs under these coverings; the coot is a confirmed egg-robber, with the result that two years ago, only three pairs of grebes, to my knowledge, were able to rear their young. I obtained an interesting film showing a party of coots raiding a grebe's nest. One bird, the first-comer, mounted the nest, but before she could rob it, four more coots attempted to drive her off. As she was above them, standing on the nest, she had the advantage, and I looked upon the strange sight of a bird evidently protecting a nest which did not belong to her. After a fight lasting about twenty minutes the other coots withdrew, and the one which had so bravely driven them off found when she lifted the covering of weeds that the two eggs were smashed and their contents trodden into the nest.

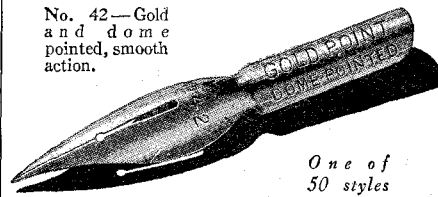
It will be interesting to discover whether the grebes will leave the lakes and find fresh breeding quarters, or whether they will discover a new method of guarding their nest!

A few years ago I saw that plucky little falcon, the merlin, do rather a wonderful thing. It was caught in a noose, which was around one of her legs. For a time the bird struggled frantically, pulling at the string, which only had the effect of tightening it. When it got over the first fright of being caught it stood still, looked long at its leg, lifting the latter up and examining it from all angles. Then it began carefully to pull at the knot, and found that by doing this the string became loose, so it kept on until the loop was opened. Instead of struggling again it kept on carefully enlarging the noose, and eventually, when the opening was big enough, it finally stepped out. This was a difficult enough problem for a creature with more intelligence than a bird to solve, yet the merlin successfully thought it out and performed the operation.

If a bird breaks a wing or leg, it does not sit down and mope, but makes the best of a bad job and does its best to carry on. Some of these wounded birds fall an easy prey to the fox or other wild creatures on the lookout for a meal, but those which escape are fit again in about three weeks' time. Snipe have been found with a very practical splint on their broken leg, this consisting of sheep's wool and mud. Whether this has collected around the broken part of the limb or been placed there by the bird, I can not say, but in very many cases the break has healed, so that the victim has been able to continue its struggle with life.

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I knew a kestrel with a broken wing. It was quite impossible for the bird to continue to obtain its food by hovering over the meadows and watching the grass beneath for a mouse or other creature which might show itself, so it contented itself by picking up beetles and other food from the ground, meanwhile resting the broken wing. When I last saw it the bird had recovered and was flying strongly, altho one wing was a little out of shape.

Another interesting incident that I witnessed was again caused by the heat of the sun. I had been searching for a nest of the reed warbler containing young, and at last found what I wanted, altho it was not among the green reeds. This nest was beautifully built among the previous season's dead reed-stems. There were no broad leaves to shelter the nest, and many of the reeds were broken down, so there was practically no shelter for the young. For a good part of the day I noticed that the hen warbler brooded over her young to protect them from the heat. About mid-day the latter became almost unbearable. For a time the mother tried standing in the nest, not actually sitting upon her young, and by doing this the nest was in shadow, and the air was able to circulate underneath her body, so that the young were not smothered. She was in a most uncomfortable position, but stuck to it bravely, altho several times she actually fell forward from exhaustion.

All this, however, was not enough for the intelligent little warbler. Each time her mate arrived with a supply of food, which was at intervals of about ten minutes, she left the nest. At first I thought she herself was going in search of food, but found that she went straight to some cool water near, threw herself right in, thoroughly soaked her feathers, and quickly returned to her nest. Now standing over her young, she allowed the cool water to trickle down her feathers on to them, and they were thereby given a lot of comfort.

As I watched this small warbler, it seemed to me that I was looking upon one of the most wonderful instances of mother-love that I had ever come across in wild nature.

All their lives birds are surrounded by enemies, and besides dodging these they have to learn many other lessons, and it is only those which become proficient in solving the many problems which continually confront them which survive. Those which are slow in learning pay the penalty, and very quickly fall a prey to the dozens of other creatures on the lookout for a meal. The young, which often follow their parents for many weeks after leaving their nests, are good scholars and a credit to their elders, and the new generations of many species are continually learning new ideas, which they then hand down. If we compare a bird of the woods or fields with a bird which lives on the sea, and builds its nests on the steep cliffs where there are practically no enemies, we find that the first is intelligent, while the latter is a dunce. The natives of St. Kilda capture hosts of puffins with a noose at the end of a rod, but I would defy any one to capture a thrush or a finch with the same instrument.

Steppe by Steppe.—A Russian was being led off to execution by a squad of Bolshevik soldiers on a rainy morning.

"What brutes you Bolsheviks are," grumbled the doomed one, "to march me through a rain like this."

"How about us?" retorted one of the squad. "We have to march back."—*The Pointer.*



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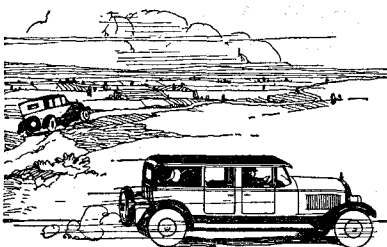
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NEXT—A DAWES PLAN FOR CHINA

SEARCHERS after a remedy for China's political, economic and fiscal chaos can not help murmuring "Dawes plan," it would seem. For, as one writer puts it, "if an unofficial group, men representative of economic and financial interests rather than professionally political, can sit down and evolve a method for dealing with the complex and controversial question of reparations, there is no reason why a similar group can not evolve a method of dealing with a parallel question concerning China." It is with some such idea in mind that China's new Foreign Minister, Dr. C. T. Wang, is said to be planning a direct appeal to the business world for assistance. Thus, writes Charles Hodges, a frequent writer on affairs in the Far East, there is struck a new note in the entangled Far Eastern situation. China, he thinks, "presents every possibility for the application of a 'Dawes plan' excepting one requisite. China is not Germany; not a defeated nation but an ally of ours; not an enemy struggling to escape punitive reparations payments, but an embarrassed friend seeking a settlement; not even a people with a modern business system." What will have to be done in China, he explains in *The Annalist*, "is to create the very means of liquidating more readily China's overdue obligations, plus the technical machinery to carry it out."

China, it seems, is in default of interest or principal on foreign loans totaling some \$200,000,000 gold. The central Government is quite without funds and is incurring an annual deficit of about \$16,000,000. After the war the new "consortium" which was to arrange for financing the reorganization of the Chinese Republic had to abandon its efforts because of hostile popular sentiment. The Chinese are said to be very suspicious of financing by foreign moneyed interests, especially when they are backed up by the foreign Governments, and Mr. Hodges thinks that the Chinese have a good deal of reason for this attitude. Back in the old days they learned that there was a close connection between the concession-seeker and his Foreign Office. Mr. Hodges points out five reasons why past efforts of foreign financiers have been unsatisfactory. First, loans were handled on the basis of world politics primarily, and in the interests of China secondarily; second, industrial developments have been carried out haphazard without the coordination necessary for the proper development of the whole nation; third, such uncoordinated development has been unduly costly; fourth, the bankers have been concerned too much with the profits to be derived from the flotation of the loans and too

little with the proper utilization of the proceeds; finally, China's silver standard has made the cost of development disproportionately high. So Mr. Hodges feels that China's great need is not, strictly speaking, a "Dawes plan," but the cooperation of Western business men of broad views—financial, industrial, engineering and commercial—with the Chinese themselves, to develop a new business system in China; and eventually China's now "frozen" assets will more than pay for the work of reorganization.

A more detailed discussion of what is being looked for from such cooperation appears in an article contributed to *Asia* by Mr. James A. Thomas, the American business man who built up a great tobacco market in China. China's international difficulties are mostly over money, he points out. In particular there are the unpaid loans and the question of an increased tariff for China which has been in abeyance since the Washington Conference. Specifically, says Mr. Thomas:

What is proposed is an unofficial conference with representatives from all the nations having treaty relations with China, to give effect to a two-and-one-half per cent. increase in the Chinese tariff and simultaneously to arrange for refunding all China's uncovered foreign and domestic debts, payment to be made out of the revenue derived from the increase. Under the Washington Conference Treaties an international conference to provide for the increased tariff should have been held long ago under proper diplomatic auspices. The Washington Conference Treaties, however, altho they have been assumed in all public discussion to be a *fait accompli*, have not all gone into effect, and certain of their provisions in regard to the Chinese customs tariff have not been carried out. France has thus far refused to ratify certain treaties because of its own private disputes with China.

Now, let there be an international conference of unofficial representatives. France would not be bound in advance but would almost inevitably be forced by world opinion and her own advantage to accept its conclusions, as it accepted the conclusions of the Dawes committee. Of course, explains the writer, there would be no such international control as is exercised under the Dawes plan in Germany. The first task of the committee would be investigation—

If it succeeded in nothing else than the drafting of such a list of the foreign and domestic debts of China as both China and the foreign and domestic creditors agreed to, it would be of immense service. In the anarchy in which Chinese finances have been sunk for almost ten years, loans have been made by one branch of the Government or another, sometimes with security and sometimes without, and in some cases

with the same security for more than one loan. There has been no round-table gathering of China with all its creditors where all the claims were put on the table and finally and mutually agreed upon as legitimate.

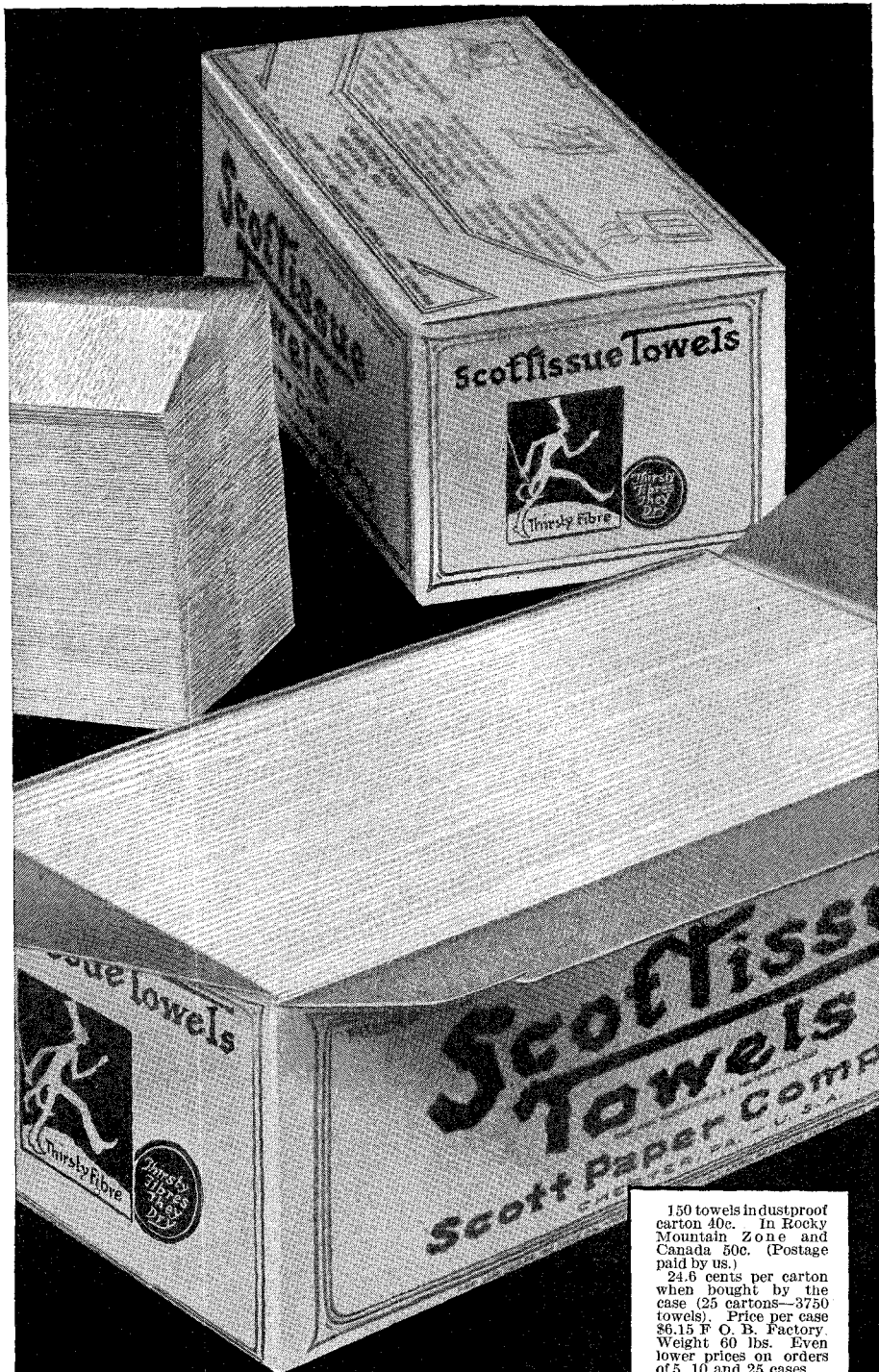
First of all, the claims held against China must be submitted, examined, tested by some formula accepted as the principle by which validity is determined and then agreed upon by both China and the foreign representatives. These claims, including domestic loans, would henceforth be recognized as China's legal obligations to date, these and no other. Then the question of liquidating them would be taken up.

Estimates of China's outstanding unsecured foreign and domestic debts run from \$300,000,000 to \$800,000,000. According to Mr. Thomas:

A large part of the foreign debt is made up of the so-called Nishihara loans, those contracted with Japan and largely spent for soldiers in the Chinese factional strife. In some quarters there is a tendency to deny the obligation of China to pay these claims. But unquestionably they are valid and would be so held by any international court of law. Of another kind are debts incurred for materials bought by the Chinese Government from foreign merchants. The American claims are all of this character and total approximately \$40,000,000, representing chiefly purchases of steel, railway and electrical equipment.

These debts could be refunded by a new bond issue, the interest and sinking-fund for which could be met by the revenue from an additional $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. tariff charge, which might come to \$15,000,000 a year on the basis of China's present trade. These tariff revenues would be under foreign control, but this would involve no receivership or infringement on China's sovereignty, for the Chinese maritime customs are already under foreign control, and this being the case, "it does not matter how much more is collected, so far as the principle of sovereignty is concerned." If the valid Chinese debt proves larger than expected, the possible revenue from the Chinese maritime customs up to the $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. total provisionally arranged for under the Washington Conference would easily take care of it.

It would also, in the opinion of Mr. Thomas, provide for the abolition of certain internal fiscal reforms. For one thing, there is *likin*, the transit tax levied on all goods carried from place to place in China, which is a nuisance to both natives and foreigners. *Likin* is collected and retained by the provincial authorities, but Mr. Thomas feels certain that if these authorities could be guaranteed from the increased tariff revenues sums equal to their average annual collections from *likin*, they would be willing to give up that source of revenue. This would be "a long step taken toward the fiscal reform without which China can never have sound financial administration." There would also be a political gain, for, "with the provinces dependent upon the Peking government for funds, prestige would accrue to Peking again, and after prestige, authority."



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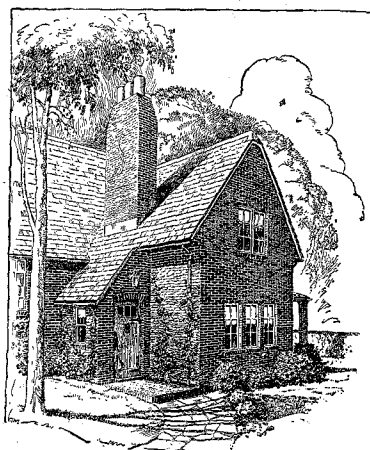
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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

January 21.—Cheers greet the statement of Deputy Louis Marin, in the French Chamber of Deputies, that France's sacrifices should be taken into the general accounting of the French debt.

January 22.—Chancellor Luther's Government is sustained in its first test of strength in the Reichstag by a vote of 246 to 160.

Costa Rica resigns from the League of Nations, transmitting with the message a check for back dues. It is assumed that the resignation is due to criticisms of the country for failure to pay her assessments.

January 23.—A group of young Army officers deposes the Chilean "Junta" régime and seizes the Government, declaring that it will bring about "neutrality in politics." President Alessandri, who was deposed some time ago, is being urged to return from Italy and resume the Presidency of the Republic.

The Polish Diet ratifies the agreement with the United States for funding Poland's \$178,000,000 debt to America for food credits given in 1919 and 1920.

January 24.—Herbert H. Asquith, former Prime Minister of Great Britain, accepts an earldom from the King, bestowed "in recognition of his great services to the nation," and chooses the historic title of Earl of Oxford.

Port Alexander, a small islet in the Portuguese colony of Angola, West Africa, has been suddenly submerged in the sea and has completely disappeared, according to a dispatch from Lisbon. Considerable loss of life is feared.

January 25.—The Polish Chamber of Deputies ratifies the agreement for funding Poland's debt to the United States. The payments will continue until 1984.

January 26.—President Alessandri of Chile decides to return to his country from Italy, provided his presence will re-establish peace and result in the formation of a civil government above partizanship.

January 27.—The International Opium Conference at Geneva decides to make the League of Nations Council, together with the United States, the official body which will have the appointment of the Central Board of Control to supervise international traffic in narcotic drugs.

DOMESTIC

January 21.—The Senate adopts Senator Hiram Johnson's resolution calling on Secretary Hughes for a copy of the Paris agreement on the division of German reparations.

The Senate adopts Senator King's amendment to the naval appropriations bill, requesting the President to call another international disarmament conference.

January 22.—Senator William E. Borah says in a speech in the Senate that the United States is not an exacting creditor, and that, despite the liberal terms offered her, France has not yet taken any step toward paying her debt of \$4,000,000,000 to this country.

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The Woman's Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, meeting in Washington, decides to make its organization permanent.

January 23.—Eugene Stecher, driver of the automobile in which Grover C. Bergdoll, draft-dodger, escaped from an Army guard in 1920, and Bergdoll's constant companion during his flight and residence in Germany, surrenders to the authorities in Philadelphia.

January 24.—In an address to the Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, President Coolidge reiterates that the United States should adhere to the Permanent Court of International Justice.

S. Glenn Young, Ku Klux Klan "dry raider" and central figure in the series of battles between the Klan and its foes in Williamson County, is slain in Herrin, Illinois, by his enemy, Deputy-Sheriff Ora Thomas. Thomas is killed by friends of Young, and two of the latter, George Forbes and Homer Warner, are also slain.

Millions living in a broad band from Minnesota eastward have a clear view of the total eclipse.

January 25.—State militia is sent to Herrin, Illinois, to take control of the situation following the revolver battle which ended in the death of S. Glenn Young and three others.

January 26.—In an address before the business organization of the Government, President Coolidge states that the cost of running the Government during the current fiscal year will be \$2,004,000,000 less than in the fiscal year 1921, when \$5,538,000,000 was spent.

The Texas State Senate rejects the Child Labor Amendment to the Federal Constitution by a vote of 19 to 2.

January 27.—One or other of the legislative Houses of Oklahoma, Kansas, North Dakota, Texas and Ohio reject the Child Labor Amendment. Thirteen States, or just the number which is needed to defeat it, have refused to agree to the amendment, and, so far, California and Arkansas are the only two States which have ratified it.

The Commission on Agricultural Legislation recommends to President Coolidge the creation of a Federal cooperative marketing board for the supervision of voluntary government-standardized marketing organizations throughout the country.

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Tardy.—PROFESSOR (to Freshman entering class late)—"When were you born?" FRESHMAN—"On the second of April." PROFESSOR—"Late again."—*The Paww Daily.*

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The Literary Digest INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW for February

Some other outstanding articles in this unusually appealing number are:

Diverting Portrait of a Live American
By Ray Stannard Baker

Exposing the Ways of a Million Crooks
By Ralph Anderson Parker

Christianity and the Race Problem
By Joseph Collins

Ladislav Reymont, Nobel Prize Winner
By Rupert Hughes

The Rare Art of the Interesting Talker
By Brander Matthews

The Wild West in Fiction and Fact
By Stuart Henry

Mighty American Book-Hunters
By Richard Le Gallienne

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

and, but—"C. C. M.," Knoxville, Tenn.—Fernald in his "Connectives of English Speech," page 208, distinguishes between *and* and *but* as follows: "*And—but*; *And* and *but* are for the most part sharply opposed, *and* being the typical copulative or conjoining, and *but* the typical disjunctive or disjoining particle. *And* expresses proximity, likeness, or union; *but* expresses contrast, unlikeness, or opposition. Yet, in certain uses, these two conjunctions almost coincide. *And* is often almost or quite equivalent to *but*, having only this difference, that the contrast with *and* is left to inference, while with *but*, it is expressly stated. The presentation by *and* is with a lighter touch, and hence sometimes more impressive, as assuming that the contrast is self-evident, and need not be expressly stated by *but*, but only pointed to by *and*."

flu—"A. H.," Corona, L. I.—*Flu*, pronounced as spelled, the *u* having the same sound as *u* in *rule*, is a contraction of *influenza*, the term used for epidemic catarrh. *Influenza* was coined by the Italians in the 17th century, who believed that the disease was to be attributed to the influence of certain planets. Altho the word when taken literally means "flowing in," the disease which produces a secretion actually causes a flowing out.

fourth estate—"L. P.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—The term *the fourth estate* is used to designate the newspaper press as a distinct power in the state, presumably from the license it exercises, the liberties it enjoys, or the power it wields.

The origin of the term was credited by Carlyle to Burke—"there were Three Estates in Parliament; but, in the Reporters' gallery yonder, there sat a Fourth Estate more important far than they all" (see *Heroes and Hero Worship*, Lecture V.), but the statement is not recorded in Burke's published works. Carlyle's work was published in 1840, but in the "Edinburgh Review," in 1828, Macaulay used the phrase in his essay on Hallam's "Constitutional History," in the eighth paragraph from the end: "The gallery in which the reporters sit has become a *fourth estate* of the realm." As Carlyle himself was a Scottish reviewer and wrote for the "Edinburgh Review" (see his essay on Burns, written in the same year—1828), it is probable that Carlyle attributed the thought to the wrong author.

gladioli—"C. B. W.," Monticello, Ark.—The plural of *gladiolus* is *gladioli*, and is pronounced *glai-dai'-lai*—first *a* as in *final*, both *ai's* as in *aisle*, *o* as in *obey*. The accent, both singular and plural, is on the second syllable.

gob—"W. V. K.," New York City.—It has been claimed that the term *gob* for a sailor in the American Navy, came into use about 1912, and is believed to have originated on the China coast, but it has been in use in Great Britain for many years. There it indicates the revenue men; that is, the men engaged in the preventive service—that branch of the customs service charged with the suppression of smuggling liquor, tobacco, and other contraband.

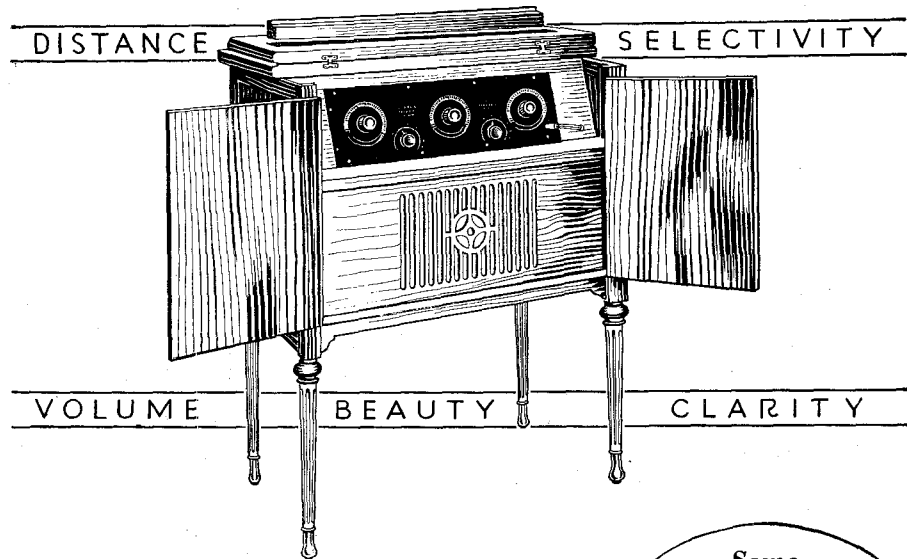
Its application is universal, and when one American blue-jacket speaks either of himself or of another in the service he invariably says *gob*.

Gobs, *gob-ships* and *gobbie-ships* are known in Scottish dialect, and in the dialects of Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, Shropshire, Huntingdonshire and Somersetshire, there is a verb "to gob," which means "to stop." It also means "to expectorate." Dwelly, in his "Gaelic Dictionary," reminds us that a *gob* is the pee bill, or point of an anchor—that is, the part beyond the fluke. A *gob* in England is a coast-guard. Coast-guards are all sailors in active service or in the naval reserve.

"The Scotsman" for August 4, 1890, says that when a meeting of the coast-guard takes place the men indulge in protracted yarns, a draw of the pipe and a friendly chew. Such a session is invariably productive of a considerable amount of good-natured banter, as well as free expectoration all around, wherefrom our friends came to be known as *gobbies* (from *gob* in the mouth). In the process of time *gob* and *gobbie* came to be applied to the ships manned by the *gobs*.

Gordian knot—"J. P.," Jersey City, N. J.—The phrase *Gordian knot* is used to denote a difficulty, problem, or condition of affairs that is hard to overcome, to solve or to face. The term is derived from the phrase to *cut the Gordian knot* or to solve a difficulty in a bold or unusual manner. The Gordian knot was tied by King Gordius of Gordium, in Phrygia, and the oracle having declared that whoever untied it should rule Asia, Alexander of Macedon cut it with his sword.

thé dansant—"C. E. F.," Rowayton, Conn.—*Thé dansant*, pronounced *lay*, to rhyme with *pay*,—and *dan'san'* (in which both *a's* are pronounced as *a* in *art*, the last *n* is given a nasal tone, and the *t* is silent) is a term adopted from the French, and is used to designate a form of entertainment at which tea is served and the guests indulge in dancing. *Dancing tea* is unknown to the French, who probably remember that the watched pot never boils, for tea can not dance except in boiling water, but the French do have *cabarets à thé*—tea-sets.



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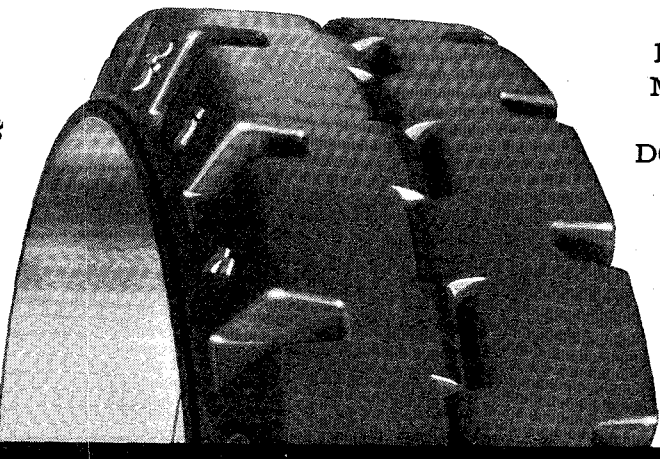
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Not the Only Ones.—Zion City has decreed that the world is flat. They must mean France and Germany.—*The Harvard Lampoon.*

Courts Investigation.—SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER—"Wotam I supposed to 'avestolen?"
POLICE—"A 'orse and van."
"All right; search me!"—*London Mail.*

Careless Friend.—Investigation into the theory that a friend might have lopped off the youth's limbs and head is being made.—*From a News Item in the Washington Times.*

Two Drawbacks.—FIRST GIRL IN ELEVATOR—"Miss S—is a nice girl, but rather loquacious."

SECOND GIRL IN ELEVATOR—"Yes; and besides that, she talks too much."—*Albany Evening Journal.*

Mistaken Identity, Perhaps.—
AMERICAN HEN
GOES TO AFRICA
WIDOW OF FORMER U. S. MINISTER WILL
TEACH POULTRY RAISING
—*Headline in the Milwaukee Journal.*

Speeding Problem.—When a traffic cop overhauls you and asks you where you're going, tell him you were hurrying to buy tickets to the policemen's ball before they are sold out. This plan works anywhere, at all hours of the day or night.
—*Motor Age.*

Such a Comedown.—ST. PETER—"That new arrival seems disappointed in heaven."
GABRIEL—"He is. He'd just finished reading a real-estate agent's prospectus of a new residence tract when his flivver ran over an embankment."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Her Donation.—CANVASSER—"Madame, will you donate something to the new hospital?"

MRS. CLANCY (who has just finished an argument)—"Well, ye might step in an' take a look at Clancy. Maybe he'd do."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Getting at the Cause.—THE REPORTER—"And to what do you attribute your wonderful age?"

THE CENTENARIAN—"Well, as far as I can make out, sir, it lies between somebody's salts, and someone's old ale, tho there's a beef extract and invalid port wot's in the running, but the bargaining ain't finished yet."—*The Passing Show (London).*

Neither.—Capt. A. B. Randall of the renovated *Republic* told a story the other day.

"A steward," he said, "stood at the gangway of a ship of mine, and as he stood there he kept shouting for the benefit of the arriving passengers:

"First-class to the right! Second-class to the left."

"A young woman stepped daintily aboard with a baby in her arms. As she hesitated before the steward he bent over her and said in his chivalrous way:

"First or second?"

"Oh!" said the girl, her face as red as a rose. "Oh, dear, it's—it's not mine."—*The Pittsburgh Sun.*

Try This One.—The modern test of will power is to work cross-word puzzles or let 'em alone.—*Memphis News-Scimitar.*

Appropriate.—SHE—"It's very good of you to ask me to dance."

HE—"Don't mention it, it's a charity ball."—*Jack o' Lantern.*

The Expert.—SHE—"You certainly eat well."

HE—"I ought to, I've practised all my life."—*The Simpsonian.*

Literarily Speaking.—"Did the doctor remove your appendix?"

"Feels to me like he removed my whole table of contents."—*Octopus.*

Almost.—"I understand you got rid of your loud speaker."

"Well, not exactly. I'm still paying her alimony."—*Central Wesleyan Star.*

Restorer vs. Restoratives.—"How'd you come to raid that barber-shop?" asked the chief of the dry agents.

"Well," replied the dry agent, "it struck me kind of funny that so many men should buy hair restorer from a bald-headed barber."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Ave Atque Vale.—

Shed a tear

For little Nell

She had a car

And drove pretty fast.

—*Tennessee Tar.*

Not So Changed.—"Has Meyer changed much in the years he has been away?"

"No, but he thinks he has."

"How so?"

"Why, he is always talking about what a fool he used to be!"—*Nagel's Lustige Welt (Berlin).*

Naturally.—CHIEF OF POLICE—"What! You mean to say this fellow choked a woman to death in a well-lighted cabaret in front of over a hundred and fifty people? Didn't anybody interfere?"

COP—"No, cap, everybody thought they were dancing."—*Frivol.*

Chance of a Lifetime.—The eighty-pound husband was the defendant and the two-hundred-pound wife was the plaintiff.

"And why did you slap your wife's face instead of helping her when the automobile knocked her down?" inquired the judge.

"Well, your honor," replied the diminutive husband, "opportunity knocks but once."—*American Legion Weekly.*

Simple Mathematics.—They were sitting in the barracks swapping yarns.

"Ever hear this one?" asked one of the group. "A dog was tied to a rope fourteen feet long. Twenty feet away was a fat, juicy bone. How did the dog get to the bone?"

"Oh, that's old stuff," answered one of the Marines. "You want some bird to say 'I give it up,' and then you'll say, 'That's what the other dog did.'"

"No, you're wrong, for the dog got the bone."

"Well, how did he get it?"

"Why, the other end of the rope wasn't tied."—*Leatherneck.*